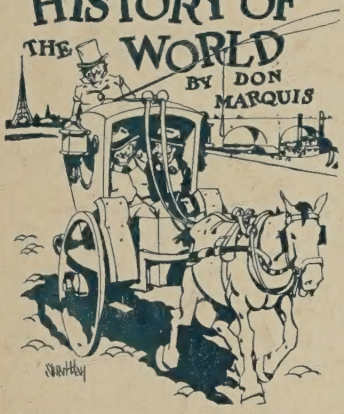
THE OLD SOAK'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY DON MARQUIS



THE OLD SOAK'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BOOKS BY DON MARQUIS

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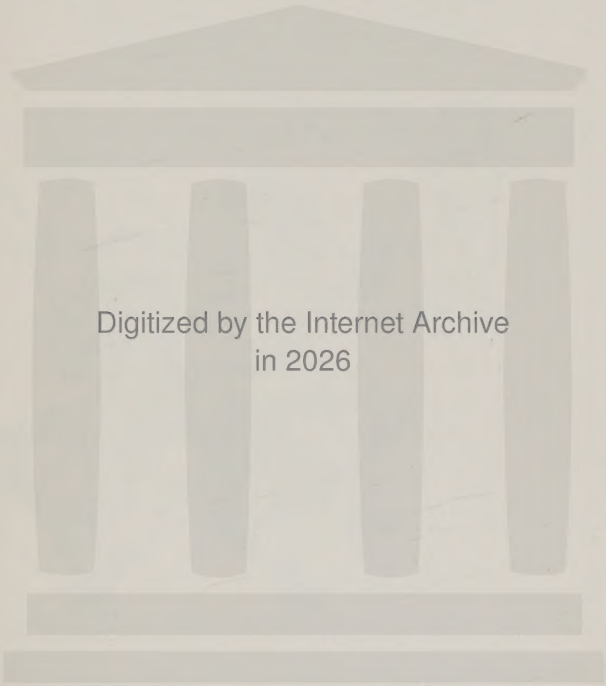
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Well, he had quite a fambly, Noah did . . . One of them was Joffet and it don't say what Joffet was but for the sake of argument I will call him a united brethren and pass on.

The Old Soak's History of the World

With Occasional Glances at Bay-cliff, L. I., and Paris, France

BY

DON MARQUIS

WITH DRAWINGS
BY
STUART HAY

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
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THE OLD SOAK'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

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Chapter One

Men Are Not Dessended Off of Monkeys

WELL, what people want to find out about the history of the world is mostly how people acted at different times and what they et and drunk and thought about, which it is my idea that from the garden of Eden down the present times it has all been about the same.

But the Eighteenth Commandment has come along and things have changed and from the garden of Eden down to to-day is one area, and from now on is another area, with a great gulf fixed, as the Good Book says.

Well, one of the most prominent men in the old days was Sampson he never liked to work none but use to loaf around with his hair long and show how stout he was and as far as taking a drink was concerned it never hurt him none but he would liquor up and slay more Phillippines drunk than one of these here Prohibitionists was ever man enough to do sober.

If you had said to him he was descended off of a monkey he would of beaned you with anything that was handy. And in my histry of the World it will be proved that men is not descended off of monkeys for if so why did not all the monkeys turn into men. You can't get back of the Good Book in them things, and for my part I don't hanker to.

There use to hang around Jake Smith's place a smart alec couisin of his by the name of Hennery Withers and every time this here Hennerey Withers got too much to drink he use to say, Well, then, you tell me now, "Where did Cain get his wife?"

I says to Jake more than oncet, Well you tell Hennery to leave the Good Book alone or I will bean him one of these days with a bottle he is a damn little athyiss, and if there is anything I hate it is a dam little athyiss.

Well, Jake says, you leave him alone Clem, I keep a respectible place and I don't want a word of religion or any other trouble in here or no fuss for they will take away my lisence.

This feller Hennery Withers was proud of being an athyiss. You go and be one I says to him and keep your mouth shut about it and nobody will give a dam but I never saw one of these athyisses yet he didn't want to blah blah it around so the whole town would know it. It made him feel like he was important. He knowed he wasn't worth nothing and he's got to

feel important some faked up way or he wouldn't have no reason to keep on living.

One difference of the old days in the early times of world whose histry I am going to write is that they didn't have no glass bottles, they kept it in jugs and skins which they was bladders I guess like they keep oil and putty in nowadays and they drunk it right out of the jug. Well, I have drunk cider that a way, and oncet I run onto a gang of Scandinavians building a barn and them fellows was drinking equival parts of sweet cider and straight alkohawl mixed right out of a jug and Oh boy! what a head ache you can get out of that stuff.

In Sampson's time they didn't have no alcohawl and it come into the world in recent years, what they had in the old days was wine and liquors.

He says the little foxes spoils the grapes, you can read it in the Good Book, and that made him sore and he went out and caught a hunderd of them foxes and tied all their tales together and set fire to them and turned them loose against the Phillippines.

Well, they finally got him, he married a new wife and she says you gotto cut that hair and he says bob your own and she slipped some nock out drops into his hootch and when he come to he was bob haired and it disturbed his balance.

Afore he got his hair cut when he wanted to set his self for a good lick his hair balanced him like the tale onto a kite, but when his balance was disturbed

he couldn't set his self for a good lick and finally the enimy got him because he couldn't set him self for a good lick.

They took him and conkered him they bored his eyes out and they says now you gotto go to work.

Work, hell, he says, I won't do it, I never done nothing but drink liquor and fight and run with the women and I won't work.

You can see work was quite a come down to a gent that has always lived free and easy like that, but when they bored his eyes out they hooked him to a kind of a dog churn thing and he had to keep stepping or he would get his heels barked and he had to turn that mill.

But one day he notis his hair is down to his neck again and he says to his self these coots is got a big surprise coming to them some day. If I could get a jug of the old stuff I would show them.

Well, them Phillippines was an unreligious set. On Sundays they would play baseball and go fishing and have big parties. They had some kind of a church, but it wasn't a reg'lar orthydox church, neither Baptis or Methodis nor none of the churches we know about in this country. It was an idle church full of them heathen idles all carved out of elephants tushes and things and on Sundays they would have like a street fair in front of the church so one Sunday they says let us bring out this Sampson to the street fair and make him do stunts and we will

thrown orange peel and tomatoes at him and mebby eggs that aint so young as they use to be. Well he got some of that grubbage in his face and he fetched one roar like a bull and he pulled that church full of idles down on top of the whole kit and biling of them and they perished.

Offen Jake Smith an me have argued wether he could of licked John Sullivan, and Jake says John would of out boxed him but with the old london prise ring rules Sampson would of licked him.

Well I see John L. oncet in Boston I was into his place and shook the hand that knocked Charlie michell cold.

Chapter Two

Never Go To Far With It

WELL, as I said in my first chapter, they got Sampson, and they get all of them if they go too far with it and one of my moral lessons in penning this histry of the world is never to go too far with it.

These here Prohis has went too far with it, and only time will tell; some day they will get theyre come uppings.

Well, if they was more men that carried there liquor like Sampson done instead of sprawling and yowling all over the side walks and bringing the name of liquor into disgrace and making it a by word in every household they wouldn't of been an excuse for Prohibition.

Too many bad customers use to drink liquor and it was natcheral that liquor got into disgrace on account of the company it kept.

But they was bad customers afore they took to the liquor habit.

And now Jake Smith and Al and all them that kept a nice genteel kind of a bar room has been brought down with their heads in sorrow to the grave all on account of a few bad customers like that.

Leaseaways they would be going in sorrow to the grave only the boot legging line of business held out a welcoming hand to them and snatched them like a branch from the burning.

Well, Sampson when that heathen church full of idles fell onto him passed in his checks and I like to set down his last words but they wasn't any, and we will now pass on in our history of the world to the date and day of Noah.

Well, he had quite a fambly, Noah did, one of them was Shem and he was a Jew and one of them was Ham and he was a darky and one of them was Joffet and it don't say what Joffet was but for the sake of argument I will call him a united brethren and pass on.

No good comes of mixed famblies like that and Noah otto knowed better but in them days a peetriarch had to get his wives where he could find them for he needed so many and it was natcheral that Noah should raise all them different kinds of children and they wasn't none of these here ku klux klans to say him neigh.

What his dotters was I can't find out; even if it does tell in the first languages it was wrote in I never had time to learn all them languages. Well I lived in the little town of Baycliff L. Island a good many years and run a livery and feed stable and then a gayrage which I sold a couple of years ago to Jake Smith and I never seen anybody there neither school

teachers nor preachers even claimed they could read all them first languages excepting one feller said he was a pyano tooner and he wasn't honest, he run away with Elburt Perkinses wife, she was a Watson afore she married Elburt and all ways kind of wild.

Well them Watsons all had a queer streak into them. Her dad run the printing office and got out the Baycliff Weekly Palladium and once he needed a stone to make up his type on and he sneaks down to the grave yard one night and comes back with a stone and puts it onto a frame with the lettered side down. Well he must of miss judged the location of his graves or something for it was the stone belonged to his own first wife which her dad had put the stone up but Lem Watson didn't care. And his daughter, this Ruby Watson, learnt how to set type and she made it up on that stone for three years and then she felt them letters on the under side and feeled along and found it was her own ma's grave stone she was working on and she threw some lye water into her dad's eyes and married Elburt Perkins. Well, Elburt failed in business on account he couldn't carry his liquor like a man and one day he says to Ruby she would have to go back into her dad's printing office and set type again and then was when she hit him with the stick she stirred the clothes with and took up with this here pyano tooner.

Well, I seen her a few years later in the city and she told me she left that pyano tooner and was then

took up with a human fly feller that clumb up buildings for a living and she was well and happy.

"Mr. Hawley," she says, "a girl's gotto take a chancet."

Well, she took a chancet, and it worked out all right for Ruby and it paid her in the long run to be kind of wild for she had a good time as she went along and she took no back talk from nobody but hit them a lick and walked out when she felt like it and finally she found her own true love, she told me, this here human fly, and she was well and happy when I seen her, and when he fell offen a building and squashed his self he left her well fixed and she is still well and happy all because she always had nerve to take a chance.

Well, one of the morals in this histry of the world I am writing is going to be it is better to take a chance. Mebby you win, mebby you lose, and mebby you would lose anyhow, so you better do what you want to.

All the histry of the old days of the world points to the fact that you better do what you want to as you go along through life for anything you do youre goanto feel later you done wrong and you don't want to care too much of a dam.

Well, I must get back to Noah. He was one of the most promenent men of the early days and a peetryarch and it rained and rained for forty days and forty nights and that old coot was the only one had

sense enough to come in when it rained and take his fambly with him.

Well, into his ark he took all the insects and animals, male and female he took them, along with Shem and Ham and Joffet and his wives and dotters and the waves went down and the flood dribbled away and he was stuck on top of Arrowroot Mountain.

And the first thing he did was to get out of that ark with a spade and he says to Shem, Ham and Joffet to bring him them grape vine slips. I'm gonna have some wine, he says, ef it's my last act.

No sooner said than done, and he set up there on Arrowroot Mountain for five years waiting for that wine to grow, and when the grapes was ready and he made the first batch of wine he calls Shem and Ham and Joffet around him and he says, Sons, everything is all right now, the world has been started again, and been started right, they was a while when I was scared them grapes wasn't gonna juice up the way they otto.

Well, them peetryarchs was great men in the old days and when they wanted a drink they tilted up the jug and took it and ef you had said Prohibition to them they would of beaned you with the jug.

Chapter Three

The Tower of Babble

WELL, we have got along in the histry of the world down to the tower of babble, which they made up their minds they would build it as high as they could and jump right up offen the top of it into glory hallaloojah.

Well, I always been sorry myself they never got that tower of babble all finished. I would of like to of took a chancet on that myself. How you gonna know wether youer right or wether youer wrong unless you take a chancet now and then. Well, I took a chancet on a lot of that home made hootch myself the last two three years. There was Harvey Seckle and me went out only last week into L. Ileland sound to look at Harveys lobster traps and we found three bottles had floated into one of them mebby pitched overboard in a hurry offen one of them motor boats and the crate got busted up and these here three bottles got throwed into the lobster trap. Well, they wasn't no laybills onto them bottles but anything you find now a days offen the coast of L. Ileland in a bottle has mor'n likely got a kick to it so Harvey says what shell we do with them. Great jehossyfat

says I do with them, they ain't but one thing to be did with a bottle these days, take a chancet.

Well, no sooner said then done, I knocked off the neck and it was the finnest skotch I have threw my lip over since the Eighteenth Commandment was handed down.

Well, just for the sake of argument, I figger that tower of babble was a good deal higher than twenty wulwurth bldgs. piled on top of each other. Jake Smith says it don't stand to reason it could of been. Al says how could it be with none of these here constructive tools and deevices they got these days.

Well, in the old days of the world, I says, they had deevices they long since forgot about and they perished with them.

Well, for the sake of argument, says Jake Smith, what kind of deevices was they, Clem.

Well I says ef I explaned them to a ignoramuss he would be a ignoramuss still you got to have sience to get wise to them deevices.

Well says Al none of your deevices never worked any Clem.

Of course I says that proves them tower of babblers never worked their deevices either, dont it. Either you gotto believe histry and the good book or you dont believe it and if you dont believe it youer no better than an aythyiss.

I spose you don't believe in them seven wonders of the world neither. Prove them to us says Jake

Smith. Well, I says, if I had my copy of doctor Harter's Almyneck here I would prove them to you all o. k. Well, then, what was they, says Al.

Well, the first one was the pillows of Herkilese I says. What did he do with them says Al. Well, I says, what would he do with them, he slept on them, of course. Well, that's one, says Al, what is the others.

There was the hanging gardens of Babbylon I says. Who was hung in them, says Jake Smith. Ignoramusses, I says.

Well I gotto go back and tell you about this here tower of babble me and Al and Jake Smith was argumenting about that time, it was higher than twenty wulwurth bldgs. on top of each other and it was built by deevices and along about the time it was gitting so high it was dangerus one of these here cherrybims come along and he sets down on the top of it and slicks his fethers and he says gosh this thing is a purty kettle of fish hoity toyty I'll tell the world this is gitting seryus. They wont like this up above he says when they find out about it. I better go tell.

And he went and telled and come back and he says you fellers gotto stop this stuff yuer gitting so high that men is only a little bit below the angles.

Well they give that cheerybim some sass and back talk they says to him faint heart never won fair lady thats the reason we built it.

Tut tut he says jest for that talk from now on youer fixed so you cant talk to each other a tall.

And they tried it and on account of theyer unrighteousness the gift of tongues had fell onto them from the skies, they found, and one of them was talking Inglish and his own brother would be talking Rooshin and here would be a Swede talking Eyetalyan and here would be an Eyetalyan talking Chinese and none of them ever knowed how they lernt them tongues, it was one of the wonders of the world up to that time, with famblies all broke up and even the same lodge members had a great gulf fixed between them. So if a feller says hustle up with a hod of bricks somebody give him a beem of wood instead and work stopped entirely.

Well that tower of babble stood there for years and years and after a while plants and vines begun to spread over it and it sagged some here and there and big trees growed onto it and its shape changed considerable and now it is called Hymnayellow Mounting and it is the highest mounting in the world to this day and from that time on the gift of tongues was into the world.

Well, I will pass along in the histry of the old days of the world and come down to this feller Jonah and the whale only it wasn't a whale a tall it was a great fish you go look it up like I done and you wont make any of them cracks about Jonah and the whale but old Capn Rackham that use to be capn of a whale

ship his self and settled here in Baycliff all ways sticks to it she was a whale and he says he seen the same darn whale in the Passific Oshun fer them whales lives he says fer thousands of years. Well, them Rackhams is all liars, more or less.

I remember Liz Rackham use to be about the purtiest girl in town when I was a young feller and I shined up to Liz myself but she was such a liar she would lie needless. Well, you never want to lie needless.

Well I will take this feller Jonah and the big fish up in my next chapter.

Chapter Four

Jonah, and Jed Hawkins's Wife

WELL, this feller Jonah I'm a gonna tell you about was quite a feller and the big fish et him and spit him out again and my idear has always been you can take that story or leave it alone but in telling the history of the world I wouldn't feel free to leave it out.

Well, oncet myself right out in L. Ileland sound I ketched a tom cod and ripped him open and there was a minnie in him was still alive, well you either believe that stuff or you don't.

But oncet this feller Hennery Withers I was telling you about was in Jake Smith's place and the dam little athyiss begun to sneer and stick up his nose at that Jonah story and I was drinking some beer for a change and I beans him with the beer stine.

I says I will laugh at that story my self if I want to I can afford to for I got a record as a believer in the good book and I can take it or leave it alone.

But I ain't gonna let no dam little athyiss laugh at that story only its friends got a right to laugh at that story if its enimys laugh at that story I will bean them. That's me.

And Jake Smith says now Clem you got Hennery all bloody all over his mapp he will go home and Maria, she is his wife, will hear he got a lick into my bar room and that will give this place a black eye. How many times I told you fellers not to argy no religions in here and no ruff stuff like that I aim to keep a decent place.

Well this was long afore prohibishin broke out and all them wives setting at home waiting for theyr husbands to come home bunged up is what give liquor a black eye.

What they doant figger on is theyr husbands is nacherally mean little varmints or they wouldn't of got bunged up liquor or no liquor.

Well you cant learn a woman no sense about liquor axcept the women as uses liquor their selves and I never had no use for a woman that drunk liquor.

You can call me narrer minded if you want to but looking back onto the history of the world the lesson to be learnt is that liquor is for men.

You look at Marry queen of scotch, she drinked liquor so much they named some of it after her and well, what was the results.

She finally layed her head onto the block that was the results.

You look at Romio and Julyet, both them girls drinked liquor and how did it end? They layed theyr heads onto the block, thats how it ended.

You look at Queen Elyzabeth and the queen of

France, they both drinked liquor. And how did it end?

They layed their heads under the jilloteen thats how it ended.

When a man comes home feeling a little tired out for mebby he has smoked too much he doant want a woman thare all lit up and no meel ready what he wants is somebudy to fix him something tasty.

Thare was Lotts wife she looked back she says I wisht I brought along a bottle of that home brew and she turned into a piller of salt right then and thare. Well the good book says oncet you put your hand to the plow you orter not look back.

Theres no uset talking about it liquor is for men and one burning sham at the present day is the fackt more women is drinking than before prohibisin and they orter be onselfish and leef it for the men who knows how to handle it theyr aint any too much for the men. Women been getting selfisher and selfisher since they got the voting balut.

Thare was Jed Hawkins wife that kept the drug store she started in onto some kind of malt extrack when she was nursin her twins and the habit growed and growed onto her.

Jed uset to bring it home to her from the drug store and the first thing he knowed she had another pare of twins and that called for more malt extrack and she went on like that drinking more malt extrack and having twins every oncet in a wile for twelve

years and then Jed says to me one day Clem dam it what do you think has happened up to our house.

What for the sake of argyment I says.

Triplets says Jed.

Great guns Jed I says to what do you impugn it to.

I impugn it to that there malt extrack he says. If I never carried a bottle of that stuff home to Emmy I would be a happy man to-day with a medium size fambly and not made the laffing stock of the Baycliff Weakly Palladium every year when they prints my picture with the motto *Still Doing as Well as Could be Expected.*

Cant you git Emmy to sign the pledge I says.

I asked her to he says and she told me I was a brute to even to sugest taking her malt extrack away from a nursing mother.

Well cheer up I says kind of foolish the way you will to a man's in trouble cheer up the worset is yet to come.

Quadrupeds he says my gawd Clem do you think it will go as fur as quadrupeds and fell into a faint.

Well it all goes to show a woman hadnt orter take up with liquor.

One of the main moral lessons I will take up in my histry of the world is that no woman orter drink liquor.

Well, going back to the old days of the world. I will next take up the Egypshen faroes and the chilern of Izryel.

Chapter Five

The Faroes of Egyp

WELL, about the Egypshen faroes and the children of Isryel. I got no manner of doubt at all they made that rush through the red sea and the water got out of their way, the red sea never had a chancet.

Well, I seen some of them subway rushes in N. York City and I'll tell the world the red sea had to get outer theyr way.

Well these Egypshen Faroes was a pretty sporty set of fellers for theyer times, they uset to have a kind of animal named the ibex they rode on and they would race these here ibexes up and down the Nile and all the queens and courteesyans uset to set on the pallis steps and cheer when them Faroes went racing by on their ibexes. The Faroe of Egyp would race against the Faroe of Missoppotamia and the Faroe of Arabya and old Uncle Hyram of Tire and the Faroe of Babbylun would be on hands and we will say for the sake of argyment mebby king Sollomon himself all racing up and down whiping theyre ibexes and all the queens and courteesyans waving there pam leef fans and red silk bandannas and some

times they would git these here beehemuths outen the water and hook them to charyots and race and the thunder of the charyots could be heerd from Elfa to Omeega.

Well, they was gay days in Egyp in the old times and lots of compytishion, if one faro says he is gonna have a sepulker the size of a ordenary barn the next faroe says hell that's nothing you watch my smoak mine will be the size of two barns so they put the children of Izryel to work bldg. them sepulkers. And the next Fareo would send for old Uncle Hyram of Tire and say you seen what they done well expense is no objeck you build me a sepulker will lay over all them sepulkers for stile and size.

Well, along come a stingy Fairo and he says he is gonna have the swellest sepulker and it will cost less so he says to the children of Issryel this straw you been putting into the bricks runs up the expenses you leev out the straw. What shall we put in boss says the head child of Isryel.

Hell what do I care what you put in so long as I get the bricks says the faro bite off your finger nails and spit them into the morter for all I care.

Well says the head child of Isryell that is rough talk boss.

Shave your beerds and put the hair in says this fairo. I'm sick of seeing them long beerds all over Egyp anyhow.

Well says the head child of Izryel them beerds is

our glory from the time of Adam on down through all the Beegats to Izryel himself.

Well just for the sake of argyment says the fairo you shave them beerds and put them into the conkreet mixer or I will nick the beans off the entire children of Izzryel and feed them to the royel ibexes.

Well then for the sake of argyment says the head child of Isryel Fareo or no Fareo doant you start nothing you can't finish.

Well, one word leads to another like that and the head child of Izzryel finanly says well for the sake of argyment you can go to hell us children of Issryel are a gonna beat it away from here.

Fairo he walks back into the paliss mad and he says to the cheef of poleece if you let them children of Izryel get out of this country alive I will hold you and your entier force responsabel pursonly, aye, from Dan to Burrsheeba, this dept. of yourns got a shake up coming to it anyhow. How does it come these children of Isryel are gitting so chesty, they talk like they been younionized, how does it come you let them labor younions creap into Egyp. You been letting them eat flesh pots and my strick orders was no child of Izzryel gets anything to eat but yerbs and vegetation. No wonder theyre getting chesty with the incompittance in the poleece dept. You let so much as one child of Izzryel git out of this country and your head will be layd on the block. Just for the sake of argyment now how the hell am I gonna get

And then Alexander he would say to one of his hinchman, well now for the sake of argyment what did I conker last month.

my sepulker built if that bunch walks out on me. What's the use a-being a faro if you gotto take back talk from that whole Beegat tribe. Here I am a-trying day and night to cut down expenses and give the people of this country the finest sepilker for their king the world ever seen at the lowest prices and a helova lot of thanks I get for it doant I. I never seen such a country for incompittance, mebby you think you could git along without a faro and it would serve you right if I resined on you.

Well yure majisty says the cheef of poleece these children of Isryel is all spunked up on acct. of them flesh pots I admit it but how you gonna get yure sepulkers built if you doant give them some meat now and then, they do twicet as much work with a goolash under theyer belts now and then, it saves you money in the long run, and then how you gonna keep it away from them. They got jobs as cooks all over Egyp theyre women folks has and theyer bound to carry it home. Right in your own royel palliss these here childern of Isryel got the cooking cunsesshins and everything.

Well whose running Egyp says the faro these here Beegats or me.

I will tell you the guy yure majisty that comes purty nigh to running Egyp says the cheef of poleece. Well who is it says the Fairo.

His names Moses says the cheef of poleece and he's got the second best room in the paliss.

You doant mean that bird my sister picked out of the bulrushes when Dad was Fairo and I was prince of wales do you says the Fairo.

Well for the sake of argyment says the cheef of poleece that is the guy I mean.

Say confidenshal now says the fareo dropping his tone of voice just betwixt us two and not letting it go no further what does people round Egyp say about that bird.

Well yure majisty says the cheef of poleece if I was to tell you what garantee I got I wouldn't be askt to lay my head onto the block.

Spill it says the fareo, cheef, come through with it, you said so much now anyhow its a toss up I woant nick yure bean off myself with my own hands.

Well then yure majisty says the cheef theyer gossips everywhere and for the sake of argyment we will say Egyp is no excepshuns to the rule. You cant stop people talking yure majisty. Go on says the fairo. Well then says the cheef thare has allways been a good deal of talk about that bul rush story nobudy doubts she found him there but the question has been who put him thare. The faro he knicked his bean absent minded and the cheef says as he expired I knowed it would end this way but living in this country got to be such a strain I welkim this as a releef I die happy.

The faro went in and put his crown on and sent for

Moses and he says you and the other childern of Isryel are gitting so strong in this country the question is who runs it.

Well faro says Moses we ask nothing better than to leev. The Faro is willing to let them leeve since he has been thinking it over but he's said oncet they can't and he's gotto stick to it. Say he says doant answer me so pert who do you think you are.

Well says Moses I leeve that to the Faro fambly who I am all I know is I been brought up to call you uncle and mebby that is the reason I call your sister Ant.

Well right here in Baycliff L Ileland I seen skandals start just that way they started about Moses being found into the bull rushes. Probelly that Miss Faro is a nice girl and everything, but the gossups doant care, you cant tell them wise birds anything good of anybudy.

And sometimes theyre right. Theyer was Lou Simpkins said she found a baby into a baskit just the same as Moses and everybudy says Uh! Huh!

Well she might of got away with it too but theyer was a revivul meeting in the church and Lou she got religion and she gits histerical right in the midst of the revivul meeting and confesses, and says she forgives the Dad of that baskit baby which he was a deekun himself and he was right down onto his marrow bones at the time praying and theyre wasn't nothing else for him to do but to git up and say yes

it was true he had made one mis step and ask for the prayers of the congreggashion for his sins.

Well just afore that he had been going around urging of everybody to repent theyer sins and I guess he felt like he had prayed for rain and got a clowd burst.

Well nobudy orter be condemned for one mis step like that the good books says, live and let live has always been my motto.

One of the moral lessons I am going to bring in to my histry of the world is the lesson you orter live and let live.

Well to get back to the Egypshen faro fambly and the childern of Isryel they had a heluva time getting away from Egyp and this feller Moses led em into the wilderness and led them out again and they crossed the red sea the way I spoke of.

Chapter Six

The Hanging Gardens and Queen Ester

WELL the world went along a little further and the first thing it knowed thare was trouble again. War busted out between King David and King Sawl. And that wasn't any more than settled till war busted out again between the childern of Issryel and the genteels.

These here genteels had a king they called Nebbykeneezer and he lived in Babbylun, he was the feller built these hanging gardens of Babbylun that was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Well then says Queen Ester now you got them all built who you gonna hang in them.

Well then says the king for the sake of argyment I was thinking of hanging the childern of Isrell in them.

Yure majisty says queen Ester falling onto her knees I got a confeshin to make to you I'm one of them childern of Issrel myself.

Well says the king them hanging gardens is built now and they gotto be used.

Well says Ester the beautiful queen just for the sake of argyment why has it got to be the childern

of Issryel is hung in these here hanging gardens of Babbilun, wouldn't somebudy else do just as well.

Well says King Nebbykeneezer one of the laws of the Meads and Persons is oncet you put your hands to the plow you dont dast to look back, I have give out all over the country there is to be a lot of the childern of Ossryel hung in the new hanging gardens and what would the peeple think of theyer king if he broke his plated word I doant dast to break my plated word.

You doant dast says Ester the beautiful queen. Huh! I would be ashamed to be a king and be scared to do what I like. Well all I will say is faint heart never won fair lady.

Ester says the king do you mean by that you would go back on me.

Well your majisty says she I have said I am one of the childern of Issryel myself and if you hang one of them why not hang all of us.

King Nebbykeneezer rended his garments he felt so bad, he doant want to hang her she has all ways been one of his favorit queens. All them old peetry-archs had queens to burn. On the other hand and vise versy he doant want to brake his playted word. I am in a heluva jam he says anything I do is wrong.

My conshence tells me I orter hang these childern of Issryel and the beautiful queen Ester with them because it is the law and I have promised my loving people.

On the other hand my morels tells me that it would be wrong to hang the beautiful queen, besides she is some looker where would I get another one like Ester.

Well I been in fixes my self where my conshence was pointed one way and my morels was pointed the other way and the more you argue about that with your self the more of a jam you get into and the more puzzled you get.

When I am in that fix I all ways take a few drinks and then a few more drinks and then I wait and see which one floats and which one sinks my morels or my conshence. And which ever one floats that is the one I stear by.

Well old king Nebbykeneezer king of the genteels he thinks he will do the same thing.

What ho he says send in the port cullis.

The port cullis come into the royel room and says youre majisty what shall it be.

Port cullis says Nebbykeneezer I suppose prohibishin aint struck my rellum yet.

When it does says the port cullis I will lay my head down on the block.

Well says the king tonight I want a feest a reel feest as would make the faro of Egyp and king Sollomun his self jealous some of the old pree war stuff port cullis.

No sooner said than done your majisty says the port cullis.

Well that night there was some feest, it was a feest would make the feest of lentils look like a can of spoiled sammon. And all the queens was theyre and all the corteesyans all sitting onto gold thrones with gold crowns onto theyre heads, even the cuspidores was gold, and all these here hand painted pictures onto the walls like you uset to see in city bar rooms of ladies washing there selves was into gold frames and the music they played was played onto gold horns and gold harps.

Well says the king tossing off a bumper of the old pree war stuff do they hang or doant they hang but one bumper wasnt nothing to a head and a stummick like Nebbykeneezer had, he was a regular feller and if you had told him prohibishin was coming to his rellum he would of took off his crown and jabbed a corner into your eye, he was a reguler peetryarch and knowed how to hold his liquor.

Port cullis he cries out fill them up again I want something that biteth like a sarpint and singeth like an adder, well he kep hard at work and the port cullis kep hard at work and him saying to his self all the time do they hang or doant they hang and along about three in the morning he begun to see more queens and coorteesyans than the traffic would bear and by three therty everybody was under the tabil axcept the king his self and the port cullis.

Port cullis says the king do I see a hand writing onto the wall or is it the pree war stuff.

Yure majisty says the port cullis I been looking at that hand for some time myself afeard to say anything for feer you would think I been drinking.

Well anyhow port cullis says the king we both see it, what does it look like to you it was writing.

The port cullis steddied his self against one corner of the royel throne and he says it is writing Eeeny meeny miney mo.

Well what does that mean says the king.

Well for the sake of argyment says the port cullis I would say it was a riddle.

Well says the king it is the answer to the question I been asking my self, do they hang or doant they hang, and it has come in the shape of a riddle and I aint a lot better off than I was.

Well says the port cullis spose we wake up them sooth stayers over thare and mebby they can tell what it means. So they throwed some cold wotter onto Shedrak and Mesick and Tobednego and they read that motto onto the wall and they says Yure majisty it is one of them yes and no things, all we can make out of it is something turrible is a gonna happen to you.

Well, the next morning when they come to wake up the king he wasnt in his bed at all, he had been turned into an oxen and he was out in the front yard eating grass.

And so it happened the childern of Issryel was not the first to be hung in the hanging gardens of Babbylin.

Chapter Seven

Witches, Ancient and Modern

WELL when king Nebbykeneezer turned into a oxen that-a-way everybody says for the sake of argyment you couldn't call that goof a king no more we will let him beller but doant pay any attention to his bellering, as a matter of fact we could say he has resined as king.

Well Ester the beautiful queen had them hanging gardens of Babbylun on her hands and she says it has been pretty well showed they wasnt intended for to hang the childern of Issryel in them and theyr was a bird by the name of Hymen had put the king up to having the childern of Issryel hung in them so she says let him take his own medicine. And this bird Hymen was the first feller ever was hung in the hanging gardens of Babbylun.

First and last thare must of been a good deal of hanging done in them gardens, for looking back on the histry of the old days of the world one of the favor it pass times was having folks hung and asking them to please lay thare head onto the block, when they wasn't burning of them.

Well they was great sports in the early days, if they

got an idear they went right through with it, they uset to burn these here witches weather they done anything mean or not. Well now and then they burn a colored man in this country, but this is a republikin form of government and a man gets burned in a repubblikin form of government can say to his self he is getting burned for something different than in the old witch burning days and it orter be a great comfort to him to realize he is getting burned in a free country and not in one of them old countries where they was kings and tireants all ways burning people.

Well as fur as witches is concerned mebby they was wiches and mebby they wasn't. I couldn't say they wasn't and I wouldn't say they was.

All I will say is that when Hennery Withers the dam little athyiss says one day in Jake Smith's bar room theyre aint no sich thing as wiches and any one beleaves in them is suppositious I says to him youer just as suppositious as us beleavers is you dam little athyiss. And I took hold of his ear and I says the good book warns you against wiches and if they wasn't none why would it warn you.

If you doant say they is wiches supposition or no supposition I will twist youre ear off.

Now then says Jake Smith you fellers are at it again, and me trying to keep a decent place, can't you let the wiches alone and quit arguing religion all the time, what the hell is wiches got to do with anything. Have one on the house.

Well no sooner said than done, me letting go of Hennereys ear.

Well old Blindy Macgowan that lived right here in Baycliff L Ileland was purty nigh a wich if they ever was one, she was a widder and clamed to be the 7th dawter of a 7th dawter and when they was a sea fog on so hevy you could of cut it with a knife she uset to wander down to the sound, and she could see through the fog in spite of being blind and she seen every one that had been drowned in L Ileland sound for two hunderd yeers in the fog.

She seen them coming up outen the water and they uset to call to her outen the fog and she would call back to them and her own sons that was drownded would come back to her in the fog she says and it uset to make you feel all over like your foot was a sleep to watch old Widder Blindy talking through the fog and hear the water noises talking back to her and see the streaks of fog when the wind blowed reaching out to her and curling around her.

Well I wouldnt say she was a wich and I wouldn't say she wasn't but if anyone was a gonna dig a well she would wander along blind with a switch into her hands and talk to it and purty soon it would turn over and if you dug where it pointed you got good worter.

She told me oncet in spite of her eyes being blind she had times when she could see without eyes, she says it was the same way as when it is a dark night

and a thunder storm a flash of lightening lights every thing up and in a flash you see the whole country and the trees dancing. She could see some times by them kind of flashes she says.

Well she was run over more than twenty years ago by the first auto truck ever run through Baycliff L Ileland but ten years ago when they opened her grave to move her they wasnt nothing a tall into the coffin.

Well for the sake of argyment, mebby she was a wich and mebby she wasn't. But as a matter of fack if she wasn't why wasn't they nothing into her coffin when they opened it, unless the medicles got her to distract.

Well to go back to the early days of the world, the world went along a little further and then trouble broke out with Hannabell and Julius Ceesar.

Well theyer is a country over there called Afriky which you can look up where it lays on the map in your Geeography and this here Hannabell was one of them Afriko-Amuricans. Well right here in L. Ileland in the early days some of them Afriko-Amuricans mixed up with the Shinycook Injuns and I must say it made some mixsture.

Well this here Ceesar was probally the most famous man in histry, he was a promenent citizen and umpire of Rome, the only thing the matter with him was he had gaul stones and uset to have fits from them.

Well then he says too many colored men is creaping

into Rome, what the hell am I umpire of Rome or ain't I.

Well this Hannabell says I am a colored man and an Afriko-Amurican all right but I guess we got some rights.

Well for the sake of argyment says Ceesar you and your gang gits out of Rome or I will lay yure heads onto the block.

Then they went to it and the trubble spread, it spread all over the known world, everybody taking sides, that's the worst of it when you start something between the races.

Chapter Eight

Ceesar, Hannabell and the Ackles Girl

WELL Ceesar says to Hannabell, I am umpire of Rome, and you and youer gang gotto clear out. And Hannabell and his Africo-Amuricans says for the sake of argyment you better beat it your self, a colored mans got some rights, what the hell.

Well, right in the middle of Roam was a big bldg. like the museeum called the colloseeim and Ceesar and his gang was in there and Hannabell and his gang made a rush at it and if it hadn't been for some geese they had in there cackling Ceesar would of been took by surprise. Well this collyseeum was one of the seven wonders of the world and some of these here ides was in there, too. One of the sooth stayers says, Ceesar, you better watch out for them ides, they mean no good.

Well it aint in the good book, it is in one of Shakespeer's plays, he says Ceesar never yet seen the ide he was scared of, but one of them by the name of Brutis got him, he nicked him in the neck. Well he was too high stummicked to take advice and one of the morel lessons there is going to be in my

histry of the world is doant be too high stummicked to take advice.

But his ghost come back to the collyseeim to haunt this here Brutis and it comes back there to this day, it is one of the seven wonders of the world the way his ghost comes back there, according to Shakespeer.

Well with rigards to ghosts, I can take them or I can leave them alone. I woant say I beleave in them and at the same time I wont say I aint scared of them.

Right here in Baycliff L Ileland there was a case whare a ghost had a chancet to come back. Elmira Murchison says to Judson Murchison her husband when he was on his death bed, Judson, you come back to me.

Judson he had had a purty hard life of it with Elmira. She was so clean she uset to make him take off his boots and set them on the stoop when he come in the house and he figgers he woant promis.

But she shakes him and scares him and Judson had all ways been afraid of Elmira so finanly he says alright Elmira for the sake of argyment I will come back.

Well after the funeral Elmira left her door open night after night so as Judson's ghost could come back and after a couple of years she give up.

Theyer ain't no ghosts she used to say for if they was ghosts Judson would of come back.

Judson all ways done every thing I told him to do

in the thirty-five yeers of our wedded hapyness. Besides he made me a deth bed promis and Judson wasn't the one to go back on a deth bed promis. So she says I will say there aint no ghosts.

But some folks in Baycliff never rigarded that as settling the matter.

For the sake of argyment Jake Smith says one day, Judson never ment to come back when he promused to, he was awful sick of Elmira and he figgered if he oncet got loose he was loose.

Well I says to Jake would he of lied on his deth bed.

He wasn't scared of the herafter nigh so much as he was of Elmira Jake says.

Al the bartender says mebby Judson did come back and he got as fur as that open door and he didnt have no boots to take off and he was puzzled how to go in without taking boots off, it was a habit.

Well these ghosts that comes back just to scare peeple I never had any use for. That is a kind of a smart alec thing to do. Like yelling at a kid to scare him. A ghost that does a thing like that is a big boob I will say.

At the same time I aint gonna say theyr aint any ghosts. The Ackleses had a dawter they was kind of shamed of on account of her not being so bright in her elements as some young folks. Well I will say for the sake of argyment her elements had kind of soured in her head. She spilt things considerabul when she et. So they give her a home to live in into

the upper part of the barn next the hay mough and a good deal of the time they kep her locked up thare.

Well she uset to get out onto the top of the barn some times and talk to the moon and make up songs and sing to the moon and teeter along the peek of the barn, she would get out threw a broken board in the roof but the Ackleses figgered she had sense enough not to through her self offen the top of the barn.

Well capering that way and talking to the moon must of soured her elements still more for one morning they carried out some grub to her and she had hung her self.

A couple of weeks after they buried her a feller come into Jake Smith's bar room one night, he was a tramp, and he told Jake and me he layed down to sleep in the Ackles barn, and he hearn her talking and laughing and singing and he swore and crost his heart that he went out of thare and seen her ghost danceing along the ridge of the barn.

Well I says to Jake do you want to go back thare with this feller and me and see that ghost.

Clem, he says, I cant do it, I cant close this place up at only ten thirty tonight and drive away trade.

Well, Al, I says how about you.

I gotto stay here for the same reeson as Jake has Al says.

As fur as I'm concerned says the tramp if you go you know the way as well as I do, I am new to these

But this here Sollomon was a humdinger. . . . He set onto his throne and all the ten thousand queens and concord bynes would say to each other, hush, hush, he is going to pull something, shuh, shuh, hush, hush.

parts and wouldn't wish as a stranger to git in bad with nobody's ghosts.

Jake says why doant you go yourself, Clem.

Jake, I says to him, I aint scared of ghosts when they are bright in thare elements, but I wouldn't bother no ghost that was out of its mind.

Well, one word led to another like that till all of us got to joking and pertended we didnt beleave it, but I all ways wished I had of had nerve to go back.

Chapter Nine

The Founding of Rome

WELL going back to the early days of the world, Roam was the greatest umpire of them all, and the great moral lesson about Roam is that you orter be kind to animles for Roam was found by a dumb beest. Well you can read about that in Esaw's fables where it tells all about all the animles. Theyre were two babes in the woods and they straighed away from thare parents, thyre names was Caster and Pollus and they layed down in the woods and the birds come and covered them up with leevs.

Well says Caster these leevs is all o. k. but for the sake of argyment do we eat or do we not eat.

Well says Pollus I would love to throw my lip over a cup of milk.

One of these here wolves hearn them babes in the woods pleading for milk and she comes through the bushes and looks at them and she says to her self it would serve them humans right if I et them, but I dunno, what the hell, they are kind of cute, here am I with a bag full of milk and no pups and here are these brats wanting the milk, what the hell,

I will take a chance, mebby theyer better than the common run of humans.

Well one word led to another till she adopts them brats and they growed up thinking they was wolves and that was one of the seven wonders of the world and after they growed up they found Roam and become the first umpires.

Well they was good sons to that old she wolf, they never let nothing harm her, and the lesson is you orter be kind to animles, you never can tell when an animle will do you a good turn.

There was this feller Lazarius in the good book, he was down and out and the dogs come and licked his sores and he got well and theyer was this feller Balum, he was riding onto a jack-ass and he lost his way and even forgot his own name and the jack-ass turned his head around and told him and on down to the days of Abram Lincoln, he was always kind to animiles and look where it landed him. He was good to colored men too, if it hadn't been for him Uncle Tom would of never been free nor his kids of crost the river on the ice.

Well I seen a good many shows in my time, regular shows and medicine shows and these here movies they got now a days but I never see any shows any more got as much general satisfaction in them as Uncle Toms cabin, what you want in a show is things moving lively and a little shooting and a chancet to laugh and the satisfaction of knowing the angils is

looking out for them that has done right. Well when Abram Lincoln started that show going he knowed what he was doing.

I says to Jake Smith one day, this is the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sulivan and layed my hand ker flump onto the bar.

Well says Jake what the hell and he banged his hand onto the bar and he says this is the hand that shook the hand of Abram Lincoln, now where do you get off at.

I doant beleave it says Hennery Withers, but that dam little athyiss doant beleave anything.

Well Jake says when I was three years old I was out in Illinoyes and my dad took me to a rally and Abram Lincoln was speaking and he helt me up and I shook the hand of Abram Lincoln, and besides being a grand speaker he could of tied one hand behind him and licked John L. Sulivan.

The question aint which one could of licked, says Hennery Withers, the question is wich one done the most good in the world, John L. Sulivan or Abram Lincoln.

Shut up, I says to Hennery, I doant want any dam little athyiss butting in when me and Jake is talking of great men.

Jake, I says, it doant stand to reason you could of noticed much about him when you was three yeers old or whether he could of licked John L. Sulivan or not.

Noticed, says Jake, I noticed every thing about him, I even recolleck what he said in his speech, my dad says to me, boy this is a great day for you, I want you to git inspired by Mr. Lincoln and always remember what he said and you can tell it when you are an old man it will help you live right. And it always has helped me, says Jake, I all ways lived right, I made up my mind when I went into the liquor business I would keap a decent place and I all ways done it.

Well so did John L. Sullivan, I says.

What is that speech if you recolleck it so well, says Hennery Withers, sticking up his nose.

Mebby you think I doant says Jake getting red in the face, and he said the speach. It was something about when in the course of human events, we the peeple of these United States, and I wished I had wrote it down the way Jake pulled it.

Now then says Jake, do I recolleck it or doant I, Hennery Withers.

Well then says Hennery Withers slinging his hand down onto the bar, here is the hand that oncet wroate a letter to Bob Ingersawl and got an answer to it.

Jake I says if you gonna have men like Bob Ingersawl bragged up in youer bar room you and me gotta part company. I drinked my liquor in youre place for more than twenty yeers and never had no trouble with nobody, but if Hennry Withers here

is a gonna butt in and brag up Bob Ingersawl like he was a great man like John L. Sullivan or Abram Lincoln I'm gonna quit you, Jake.

It sounded easy enough in them days to say you would quit a bar room, theyre was all ways another on the next corner. But to-day I doant mind saying that fur the liberty of putting my stummick against a real bar I would lissen to Hennery Withers bragging up Volteer his self.

Chapter Ten

The Wisdom of Sollomon

WELL, going back to the early days, Sollomon was about the only bird, weather king or a honest cityzen, who ever got a repatashion for wizdom that desurved that repatashion.

Most of these here fellers that has got a repatashion for wize birds has got it because they don't say nothing, they just set around and look wize and important and let on theyer doing hevy brain work and say yes and no in a wize way, theyer scared to say anything for feer it will be found out they aint so wize.

But this here Sollomon was a hummdinger, he wasn't scared to spit out what he knowed and it was reel wizdom.

He set onto his throne and run his fingers threw his long white whiskers and done real brane work and all the ten thousand queens and concord bynes would say to each other, hush, hush, he is a gonna pull something, shuh, shuh, hush, hush.

And then he would raise his skepter and the trumpits would blow and when they hearn the trumpits a lot of concord bynes all dressed in white come runing up with theyer note books and set by the foot of

the throne to learn wizdom and say what is it this time yure majisty, a adverb or a riddle?

And then he would pull a wize crack, he wasn't scared to come out in the open with his wizdom where it could be judged, he had the real goods.

Well, I was brought up on them sayings of Sollomon. I owe my suksess in life to follering that old birds advise. He says, keep away from the wine cup, be wair of mixed wine, and it is good advise. I read that more than thurty yeers ago and I stuck to hard liquor ever since and now I am passed sixty and I never knowed a days sickness in my life I am strong as a bull and got eye site so I could thred a needle by moonlight, he knowed what he was tolking about that old bird, I never had any reegrets about living the way he told me and I got a cleen conshince a good eal of the time. Nobudys got it all the time.

But a lot of times these birds thats got a repytashun for wizdom has got it because they doant say any thing a tall. Right here in Baycliff L Ileand I seen that. Theyer was a bird by the name of Phill Marks was a printer he set tipe on the weekly Palladyim, he got the derndest repatashon for wizdom because he never spoke he only nodded his head.

He had all ways got a big chew of tobacco into his mouth, he was one of them fellers wouldn't even take it out to take a drink of worter, he would only shift it to one side and drink past it.

Peeple used to ask him about everything and he would nod yes or no and look sollum and shift that chew of tobacco around and say nothing.

Well, he had me fooled for twenty yeers and then one day I ketched him for oncet without his chew and I askt him point blank why it was he never talked any.

Well, he says, I never talked any because I would hate to spit out a good chew of tobacco and waist it.

And thats all his repatashyun for wizdom was bilt on, and for yeers peeple had been making theyer wills and buying and selling land and voting and marrying their dawters off and sending theyer boys off to school and hiring theyer help all by weather he would nod yes or shake his head no.

Well Phil I says to him you certinly got a big follering in this town on account of the advise you give.

Is that so he says I never payed no attenshun to what the dam fools was saying I was thinking of something else.

For the sake of argyment what was it you was thinking of, I says.

Well he says of my chewing tobacco, what the hell, and with that he bit off a peece and plugged it into his mouth and I knowed him ten yeers after that and never hearn him speak again.

Well, Sollomon was a different kind of a bird, he was all ways pulling wizdom and the queen of Bath

Sheeba herself says he was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Well, she was a classy dame her self, it was her put him wize to them Mines.

Right in the middel of Affrico they was, and they was lost for yeers and this feller Hennery M. Stanley found them again, dimonds as big as hens eggs, them Mines was one of the seven wonders of the world and now the red white and blue, the American flag flies over them Mines, Jake Smith read about them Mines, it tells about them in a book.

Jake and me used to talk a good eal about them Mines when we went fishing. He would say, Clem, what would you do if you was to disscover Mines like king Sollomon's mines.

I dunno, I says, what would you do, Jake.

Well he says the first thing the old shebang would get a fresh coat of paint and after that I would travell.

Well, I says I would travell too, I would travell to queer countrys where theyer is nativs.

But first off I would travell to see the seven wonders of the world.

I wouldnt travell to see them if I had them Mines, Jake says, what the hell, I would press a button and when the boy come I would say you bring them seven wonders of the world to me and step lively or I will quit this hotel.

Chapter Eleven

A Roman Party

WELL theyer is no use talking, in the early days of the world when the kings and umpires and Fairos wanted to pull a party they pulled it right, they didn't pinch nikles, theyre was some enjoyment in the world in them days and prohibishun was a clowd on the sky no biger than a man's hand.

When Ceesar was umpire of Roam he would say what! ho! up with the port cullis

And the port cullis would come up.

Well Ceesar he would say rubbing his hands what shall it be.

Am I umpire or aint I, Ceesar would say.

You dam well know you are Ceesar, the port cullis would say, yure majesty, I will put a tin eer on the bird says youer not.

Umpire of Roam and the whole durned world besides Ceesar would say, I fit for the belt and I earnt it.

I'm a gonna pull a party, port cullis, Ceesar would say, and I want something flossy, something would make Sollomon in all his glory look like a piker. I leev the deetails to you, port cullis, but theyer

is one little thing I want tended to particler. I want the whole derned collyseeim filled with wine, you get me.

Filled how deep yure majesty says the port cullis grinning and twiddling with the napkin over his arm.

To the eeves says Ceesar, so that nobody can get into the place axcept threw the roof. Fill her up, port cullis, fill her up till the roof floats. And I want the intire Roamin navy sailing on that wine, this here is a gonna be a house boat party, how uproaryous it will be, port cullis, when the gests begin to push eech other overbord, get out the bids right now and ask all the queens in Roam, all my queens and any queens that hapen to be visiting hear, what I want, port cullis, is a party befitting the umpire of the known world.

Well, no sooner said than done, and that party was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Well in the old days them kings and umpires and Fairos was big in theyer notions, what they wanted was everybudy to have a good time.

In the present area of the world theyer only a few men left that is big in theyer notions.

John L. Sulivan was a man that was big in his notions.

And right hear in Baycliff L. Ileland lives a man that has all ways been big in his notions and that man is my old friend Jake Smith.

He aint got the money and he never had it to spend like Julius Ceesar or John L. Sulivan, but as fur as he could go Jake all ways went.

If a feller comes in and says for the sake of argyment Jake I got hold of some mighty good quails or some venzon from up state out of season or some tertles do you want to buy them Jake he would say bring them along I'm a gonna pulla party.

Jake would look at that good grub and he would say what the hell that is too good to give to the reglar borders of my Pallis Hotel or any of these summer peeple or any of these hear ottermobeel parties, I'm a gonna eat that myself, me and my friends are.

And I'm gonna cook it myself, too, theyre never was a woman born could cook as well as Jake when he gits his hands on the right kind of grub.

So he would get hold of me and three or four others of his reel friends and him and Al would shut up the bar room, Dern trade, Jake would say, what do I care for trade, I ain't one of the kind of men would keep my place open just for the sake of money when I wanted to do something else.

He was all ways big in his notions, Jake was.

He would cook that stuff better than anything you ever throwed your lip over and theyer would be enough of the right kind of likkids to season it down with, and him and me and Al and four or five more pertickler friends would have a bankwet and tell stories and sing songs and narrate yarns about

when the Injuns lived in this country and Jake would always say to me, Clem, if I had a million dollars I wouldn't do nothing but jest this, cook fur my friends all the time and give parties and tell stories and sing and mix drinks for them, dern buysness, what I like is for to live like a human being.

He is a man that is big in his notions Jake is, he is all ways getting down and out, and then making money agen, what Jake orter be is the umpire of some place like Roam whare he wouldn't have to worry about money.

Prohibishm come long and ruined Jake and if it hadn't of been for bootlegging line of professhin opening up a little bit later he would of been plum ruined, but proverdence all ways expends a helping hand for them that has all ways led the right kind of a life and has been big in theyer notions and Jake has all ways been a good man.

Jake wears the same vest to day as before he become a prominent boot legger, he is never the one to get prowded up and haughty.

Dern it all, Clem, he says to me the other day, I make plenty of money, but something goes with it, and my daughters at the swell girl school is a turrible expendyture. Those girls been trying to make me give up that vest and wear a coat even in hot wether, and one of them girls gone and got her self engaged to marry a young preacher sence shes been off to school. Well, Clem, I can stand him if he can stand

me, it might not be a bad thing to have a preacher in the fambly.

Well all of Jake's fambly has gone into society but Jake, you couldn't axactly say they look down on Jake, they have took to calling him Papa instead of the old man or dad and whenever they call him Papa he snorts.

Well a good meny things has been spilled onto that vest the last few yeers, but he wouldn't be Jake to me and his pals without that vest, if they ever get Jake into society they will have to drag him into it feet first after his exspiration.

Well in my next chapter I will go back to the early days of the world.

Chapter Twelve

The Fate of Alexander

WELL, going back to the early days of the world we come onto Alicksander the great, he was the umpire of the known world, and if you had of said prohibishin to him he would of beaned you with his skepter.

Well he went too fur with it, one of the morel lessons theyre is going to be in my histry of the world is you mustnt go too fur with it whatever it is.

He would say to his hinchman, well now, for the sake of argyment what did I conker last month.

It is all jotted down in the big book yure majisty says the hinchman.

And they would bring in the big book and say last month yure majisty you conkerd Ashia and Affrico and the British Iles.

Well says Alicksander how much did Ceesar conker this same month last year.

Yure avridge is a way ahead of Ceesar's yure majisty says the hinchman, besides at yure age he hadn't showed hardly any stuff at all.

Am I one of the seven wonders of the world or aint I says Alicksander.

I'll say you are says the hinchman, and they would have a party on it.

Well I aint any enimy of vittles and drinkabels, but you can go too fur with it. If he hadn't of conkered so much he might of lived to a good old age, for he all ways pull a party right after he conkered something new.

One night right in the midst of a party he says all of a sudden what shall we conker tomorrow.

They aint anything left yure majisty says the hinchman, and some countrys has been conkerd two and three times.

For a minute Alicksander was prowd, and then he turned sad, do you mean to tell me he said theyer aint nothing left to do but eat and drink? Let me look at that book myself, say what country is that over to the end of the map colored blue.

That is Ashia, says the hinchman, doant you remember the shapes of the countrys you have conkered, what a dumb bell you would be yure majisty if you wasn't an umpire, I keep this book proper and I got a pride in my jottings.

Alicksander says then theres reely nothing but vittles and drink.

Well he done the best he could to take his exercize in other ways, but he missed the conkering, the conkering had all ways kep his flesh down no matter how much he et and drunk before, an he got fatter and fatter and one day he fell offen his throne right

in the midst of the pallis with all the queens and concord bynes and hinchmen around him and busted wide open, he went too fur with it.

Right here in Baycliff L ileland I seen that same sort of thing happen. If yure gonna eat and drink that a way you either got to take no exercise at all and give your total time and yure total thoughts to it and make it yure buysness in life or else you gotto take so much exercise you get the fat off, you cant mix it with every day life.

Jeff Hoskins who uset to be the villige drayman prided his self he could eet severil dozen clams and five or six pounds of stake and a coupla dozen eggs and potatoes and some pies and things and worsh it all down with beveridges all at one setting and I seen him do it in Jake's place twicet in one day to settil a bet. Well he went too fur with it.

If he had of just done nothing else it might of agreed with him. Or if he had took a most unusual exersise it might of agreed with him, but he made the mistake of trying to work along at his drayman buysness and he got fatter and fatter and his wife quits him and he got to be a kind of a joke and it made him sadder and sadder.

One day he sys to me and Jake and Al in Jake's place, Boys I'll be dogged if I wouldnt comit suicide for a cent.

Well then says I how would you do it, Jeff, for you couldn't drown yourself, you are so fat you would float?

Yes, says Al, and you couldn't stab yourself, all your vitle orgins and ornaments is so fur inside of you no knife could reach threw the fat and slash them.

Well, says Jake, Jeff couldn't hang his self, neither, for the rope want never twined as wouldn't brake with his weight on it.

If you throwed yure self down in front of an ottermobile, says I, it would just stop the ottermobile.

Jeff he begun to blubber and cry and he says we would only be too glad to see him one of the departed and he guest he could starve to deth if he wanted to.

You aint got the nerve for it says Hennery Withers, that dam little athyiss all ways has got a mean and disscurging word for everybody.

Well then says Jeff laying his head down onto the bar and says sobbing and shaking, I guess I could eat my self to deth.

Well, he done it.

He went too fur with it, Jeff did. One of the morel lessons I am a gonna bring into this histry is you musnt never go too fur with anything, just a little exercize is good if you take a little beveridges, and if you take more beveridges you want to dance and sing a lot and whoop her up or you will get too fat.

I all ways owed my good helth to dancing and singing a lot and whooping her up when I drunk a lot, it has kep me young, I wouldn't give any budy a morel lessen only one that I had all ways followed my self.

Chapter Thirteen

On Reform

WELL you didn't heer so much about reform in the erly days of the world as you do nowadays, all them old peetryarchs beleaved in letting well enough alone, if you had made laws and wished it onto them they wouldn't of known what it was all about.

Well that is one trubble with this country to-day, it was wished onto it, the country didn't wish it onto itself.

Well I know how that is myself, oncet it was wished onto me.

One afternoon I was coming home from Jake Smith's place feeling kinda sick because some fellows had been smoking in Jake's place a new kind of tobacco I had never smelt before and it takes me a long time to get a customered to any new kind of tobacco, and I was kind of wobbly in the knees, and when I got near to the house I set down on the ground.

Well Matildas old cat, Matilda is Mrs. H., seen me set down sudden that way, and she looked at me and she give a grin and that made me mad. I says

no cat can grin at me that away even if I am all sick and wobbly with that tobacco. Matilda orter teach that cat better manners, and I throwed my shoes at that cat, but she kept on grinning. Well I chased her and that was how I happened to fall into the well.

Mrs. H. sees me fall in and she come running out of the house and yells down, are you hurt, Clem?

I wasn't, theyer was only a coupla feet of water in thare, and I says you mind your own busyness Mrs. Hawley, go get a ladder and let me out of here, that cat of yourn has been a mocking of me.

Well she says you was intoxicated when you fell into that well and into that well you stay Clem Hawley until you sign the pledge.

It was tobacco smoke made me sick, Ma, I says, you get a ladder, I will come out and kill that dam cat of yourn.

But Matilda went and got the Rev. Mister Carter the pastor of the church she belongs to and she says we got Clem where we want him now, you come along and help me make him sign the pledge.

Five or six come along with the Rev. Mister Carter and the news spred, and purty soon the whole town was into our front yard looking down on me in that well.

Brother, says the Rev. Mister Carter.

Doant you brother me I says, let me out of here.

You ain't goanto get out he says till you sign the pledge.

And with that he begun one of these here old-fashioned revivul sermons. I heard lots of revivul preachers take up hell and damnashion by the seat of its pants and wave it in theyer congregashions faces, but I never herd anything like that sermon the Rev. Mister Carter preached down that well at me. He made me so certain I was dammed it didn't look to me like theyer was any uset to sign a pledge, I was a gonner anyhow, a regular mammal of iniquity.

But it made me so mad too that I wouldn't let it work on me. I been converted lots of times at revivul meetings, and when I let it work on me I can shout with any of them, but this time I helt it off from working on me.

But a lot of others that was thare got converted all over again, and they begun to shout and sing hymns over me, and I got madder and madder.

Pretty soon some of the boys from Jake's place herd of what was going on, and they come over and stood by the fence in the street, and they says that preacher orter be arrested for keeping me in that well, I ain't used to that much well water, and it will kill me.

Then my wife and some of the other mammals of righteousness says it looks as if Satan, meaning me, was a goanto hold out a long time, and everybudy was getting hungry, and so they says why not have an old-fashioned love feest along with theyer revivul meeting, and they done it, the wimmen

They would race these here ibexes up and down the Nile and all the queens and courteesyans uset to set on the pallis steps and cheer when them Faroes went racing by on their ibexes.

hustled home and hustled back with grub, and picknicked like at a camp meeting. And they would sing more hymns at me, and pray and carry on, and shout, and weap, and every oncet in a while the Rev. Mister Carter would let loose with another sermon.

Well along about eight o'clock that night it begun to get purty cold down in that well, and my sickness from smelling that tobacco smoke had wore offen me, and theyer wasn't no way to set down. I was afeared if I set down in that water I would be drowned, I was so weary, and I was purty hungry too, listening to all that eating going on up above me, and I would of give anything for a good drink of likker, and I thinks to myself I am getting consumpshin of the lungs, for chills are coming all over me, and I got the notion lizards was crawling along my legs, and I says to myself, I have stood out a long time for my principles, I guess I better make a compromise.

So I says, Mister Carter, put down a ladder and let me out, and I will sign the pledge for three months.

You'll sign it for life, says Mrs. H., or you stay there.

Well I says, Matilda, life or three months is the same to me, I ain't goanto live more'n three months after this experience. Theyer is more ways than one of killing a husband, Mrs. H., and you've took a new way. I ain't mean enough to haunt you, but

you're goanto have remorse for this. And I fetched a cough.

Matilda, she is soft-hearted; I always liked Matilda and I always bragged on her, she begun to cry and she says sign for three months, and come out.

They give me the ladder and I signed for three months, and then I done what anyone would naturally do, I went over to Jake Smith's place and had a coupla drinks.

I says I signed for three months, but I didn't say which three months. But I'm a goanto keep my word; I am all ways a man of my word I will take a day out of every week and not drink for a coupla of years some time, and make up the three months a day at a time thataway, when a man has got as good a wife as Mrs. H. he orter keep his word to her all ways.

Chapter Fourteen

The Liberal Old Patriarchs

WELL, in the erly days of the world, if one of them old peetryarchs had plenty he belaved in dividing it up, it was come easy go easy with them old peetryarchs, they kep open house al the time, and if you had of asked one of them birds what he thought of prohibishion he would of took down the jug from his mouth and wiped his lips on the back of his hand and beaned you with the jug.

Theyer aint many peeple so libural nowadays as them old peetryarchs, for the sake of argyment if a man's got vast wealth today he spends it onto his self.

Well Jake Smith is like one of them old peetryarchs, after prohibishin ruined him along come boot-legging and put him onto his feet again, and now he keeps open house again and theyer is all ways a passel of relations and friends living offen Jake.

I could always get in money, Clem, he says, but I never could keep it, what the hell, Clem I doant want a expensive grave stone, let my moniment be all the poor thirsty soles I set 'em up to on the house when they was busted and theyer tungs hanging out.

Well, now his dawters is trying to get Jake into swell society, but he wont wear a coat when the wether's warm, and sumer or winter he sticks to that old corduroy vest of hisn.

I would look fine at my time of life putting on swallow tail dekollertay suits, wouldn't I, Clem, he says, I wouldn't know what to do with my hands and feet and patent lether shoes and eye glasses, what the hell, and stiff cuffs all ways errytates the backs of my hands, and one of them hats that all ways looks to me like it orter have a handle onto it and be filled with beer and how could I eat with a biled shirt on. I never was a juggler, I would spill things on it.

How you a goanto scratch your self with one of them stiff biled shirts on.

Well Jake I says to him you could lean up against a door and scratch your self the same as you do now between the shoulders, them biled shirts ain't stiff all the way round.

Is that so, says Jake, I all ways thought they was, but I couldn't scratch myself with silk gloves on anyhow, I never could ware gloves summer or winter, the minute I put on gloves it destroys the touchiness of my hands, if I want to take hold of anything with gloves on I can't feel myself touch it, I woant wear them silk gloves for any dawter.

But he talks about it so much that it shows it is onto his mind, and his women folks after him day

and night to fix himself up some, now that he is a prominent bootlegger, and take his proper place in society, that is the way they put it, and sooner or later Jake is a goanto fall for it, I will bet you, and another good man will be gone. Sampson I told you about in my first chapter said he wouldn't have his hair cut, neether, but he did have it cut, his women folks worked onto him.

Well I all ways beleaved in being libbural myself, it all ways paid me, my old daddy left me considerable land around Baycliff here, it wasnt worth much when he had it, and being libbural has paid me, every time I ever sold a peece of that land I all ways took the boys over to Jake's place and set 'em up, and the consikwences was that in between times I could all ways borrow money offen the boys, and I ain't done so bad, I still got one lot left with only two morgages onto it and a son and a dawter making theyer own living.

As a matter of fact you could say I owed my suksess in life to being libbural that a way, I never wasted much of my time working at steady jobs, theyer is something about a steddy job takes all the pleasure out of a man's life, I uset to run a livery stable and then I run a gayrage, and I owe my suksess in life to not letting them jobs eat up all my time.

If you was to let a job eat up all of your time you would get old too quick, if you doant learn how to

whoop it up a little when you are young how are you going to have an occypation for your old age, you cant learn old dogs new tricks, some of these fellers that spends all theyer time working has got no idea of whooping it up in theyer old age, they never had any practice at it.

Well, the first thing I knowed I didn't have any gayrage to take care of, it was morgages got it, but if I had give all my time to that gayrage it would of still been on my hands to be looked after, and it got so it errytated me, but now I got rid of that and I feel like a free man again, I can go fishing when I want to without talking to some pest about a car he wants, I all ways liked horses better than cars anyhow.

And it gives me time to plan out big busyness deals and make inventions; when I am fishing I think up a lot of inventions and big busyness deals I could put over if I had a little reddy money.

But that is one of the curses of the world, the fellers that do the big brain work and have the genius idears hardly ever has the redy money at hand to push theyer big idears with.

Well it was a good many years ago one day I was down to the deepot and when the trane come in I says to myself why couldn't a thing be made to run like that onto the roads instead of on rale road tracks. And a coupla years later an ottomobeel entered our little city.

Well it was my idear, you could say as a matter of fact that I invented ottomobeels, only at the time I didn't have the reddy money to push my big idear.

It was the same way with these hear airyoplanes one day I was fishing and watching some gulls and I says to myself why couldn't a machine be made to fly thataway, yes, you could practically say I am the bird that invented airyoplanes.

Chapter Fifteen

The Advantages of Orthodox Belief

WELL, one of the most promenent peetryarchs in the early days of the world was named Dooteronomy, he must of been some kind of a foreigner by his name, and Jake Smith says to me one day that one of the main troubles of the world is having so many foreigners into it.

Well, then, Jake, I says, everybody in this country was foreigners to start out with, I doant know whare you are a gonna draw the line.

Al the bartender says the Irish wasn't foreigners in this country to begin with. Wherever the Irish goes, he says, they ain't foreigners.

Well then, I says, what are they.

Well, he says, they are Irish, they ain't foreigners.

Well, mebby he is right about it; I noticed that about a good many of the Irish myself.

This old bird Dooteronomy wasn't Irish, he must of been one of the Beegats, he was one of the birds led the children of Izzryel out of Egyp, and when he got to the promised land he says, now then, I brought you Beegats this far, I'm a gonna turn you over to

somebudy else, and he turned them over to a bird by the name of Joshaway.

He was some fighter, this Joshaway, and one day the Beegats was fighting against the Phillipsteens and it come along dark and Joshaway says some of them is a gonna get away after sun down and he cries out in a loud voice for the sun and moon to stand still and they done it.

And that was one of the seven wonders of the world. Jake and me was talking about that one day and Jake says how do you suppose he done it?

I doant suppose I says, I doant have to suppose, it says in the good book he done it, and I say he done it, and that is enough for me.

Yes, says Hennery Withers, the dam little athyiss, you and Jake are suppostitious.

Well, I says, if it was easy for to beleave theyer wouldn't be no credit in beleaving it, would thare? Anybody can beleave anything that is easy to beleave. But it takes somebudy with some git-up and gumption to him to beleave stuff that is hard to beleave.

I doant ask no credit from no one for beleaving easy things, but when I beleave them tall stories and all that hard stuff I take credit for it, for it shows I am a humdinger of a beleaver.

Well, then, he says, why aint it ever been done before or since.

So as it would be a wonder, I says. If it was done

every two or three weeks it wouldn't of been a wonder. It is only folks who is strong in theyer elements has got the gumption to beleave in wonders. When folks cant beleave in nothing, like you, Hennery Withers, you dam little athyiss you, that aint a sign theyer strong in theyer elements, that is a sign theyre weak in theyer elements.

Besides which, I says, it is in print, aint it. How would it ever of got printed in the first place if it wasn't true.

Well, says Hennery Withers, that shows what a iggoramus you are, when that story about Joshaway was first told theyre wasn't any print, it was all writing.

I figgered I had took about enough of his sass for one day, so when he pulled that onreesonable statement onto me I just cuffed him one.

But sometimes I feel kind of sorry for Hennery Withers, too. Besides his being a dam little athyiss theyer ain't anything much wrong the matter with him. But he never got long very well hear in Baycliff L. Ileland. If he was to sing and dance and whoop it up the way I do he couldn't get away with it, but as for me I owe my suksess in life to doing what I please, everybody will always lend me money and everything, my credit is all ways good with Jake Smith, and my suksess is all on account of living the right kind of life and doing what I pleased and being a beleaver and patterning myself after those old

pettryarchs, but a man who doant beleave in nothing, like Hennery Withers, cant ever make a suksess of his life. He has got nobody like those old pettryarchs to pattern his self after.

One of the morel lessons there is goanto be in my histry of the world is a goanto be you got to have some grate man like that to pattern after or you wont be a suksess in life.

I can borrow money offen almost any friend I got, if I ask them for a ten they say, what the hell, Clem, of course I will let you have a coupla dollars, and Jake Smith all ways says doant you worry about your likker bill, Clem, some day one of them inventions of yourn will make good and we will all have money to burn, that is the kind of a feller Jake Smith is.

Chapter Sixteen

Where the Moslems Come From

WELL, the world went along a little further, and then come a lot of these here Muslins you read about, a Muslin is a feller that doant drink any likker, they are Turks and Ayerabs and Mohamidins, and these Muslins is one grate proof the human race wasn't dessended offen monkeys.

It stands to reeson that the human race never dessended itself down offen monkeys, monkeys is a gineration of postirrity that dissended their selves down offen mankind, and I will show you in a minnit where them Muslins come in at.

Theyer was some cities in the erly days, Soddim and Gomorrow, got so wicked they wasn't fit to print and they was wiped offen the map, but a few famblies got away afore they was wiped out and likely they was the wickedest ones, and they went out into the wilderness and multiplied and refurnished the earth and forgot what little they ever knowed about the right way to live.

They forgot they orter eat theyer food cooked and they orter drink a little likker for theyer stumock's sake. And they sunk lower and lower till they turned

into these hear Muslins you read about, they got no idear of right living nor anything, they doan't beleave the Good Book and sted of being civerlized they worship this feller Mohamid, they doant drink any likker, they are a bad lot.

And after they turned into Muslins, and forgot about the right kind of vittles and beveridges, they got lower and lower, till some of the worst Muslins turned into monkeys, the proof of it is if you catch a Muslin or a monkey in his wild state he doant know what likker is, the next time you see one of them in a circus you ask the men who has charge of them. Well, all I say is, just look at them!

That is the way Muslins and monkeys come into this world, they dissended offen man, and what is a goanto happen to a country where its likker is taken away I would hate to say, but what histry done in the past she may do again.

Well Hennery Withers, the dam little athyiss, says that men dissended offen monkeys, I have banged his head more'n oncet for that kind of wicked talk, it is a good thing this country has got men in it to bang the heads of all them athyisses.

He says to me one day, yes, I s'pose you beleave the world is flat, too.

No, I says, it ain't flat, but at the same time no one ever proved to my sattisfaction it is round like an apple or a orange like the gography books say, as a matter of fact it has got six flat sides to it, like a

dice you shake has got. All them Himma Yellow mountins and other mountins is like where the edges of the dice sticks up, how could it be round like an orange with all them mountins sticking up.

Well the old book is good enough for me, I beleave it from cover to cover; the old time religion and straight likker and calomel has got the kick to them they are among the seven wonders of the world.

Well, I have proved that men wasn't dissended offen monkies, and I will take up the erly days again in my next chapter.

Chapter Seventeen

The Taking of the Basteel

Mr. Hawley, while he was engaged on his History of the World, in 1923, took a trip to Paris, sending installments of his Work back to America. The subsequent chapters are somewhat colored by the environment in which they were written. With Mr. Hawley went his friend Al, Bartender, and they were joined later by Jake Smith himself.—Editor's Note.

PARIS, France, August 30.—Well, I promised, no matter wherever I was, I would keep right on with my histry of the world, well looking round over Paris the first place nacherally I made for was where the battle of the Basteel was fought.

Well in the erly days that Basteel was one of the seven wonders of the world, the old time kings had it built to throw these here reformers into it, they uset to set up onto the top of it with a spy glass and look out over Paris and all theyer queens and courteesyans would be setting round about them on the roof, and the king would say to the port cullis take a peek through this spy glass, do you see any disturbance anywheres?

Yes, your majisty, the port cullis would say, I see quite a disturbance over there in the shong.

Yes, the king would say, theyer is sure a lot of dust being kicked up over theer in that shong. What do you reckon it is, port cullis?

It is probable it is some of them reformers kicking up a rumpus, yure majisty, says the port cullis.

Send the Jong Darms after them, says the king, and they would ketch the reformers and bring them up to the roof of the Basteel and drop them down threw holes in the roof into the cells below and all the queens and courteesyans would nod at the king and wink and every body would take a shot of the reel stuff and say, That's that.

Well for thousands and thousands of yeers that way all the kings was able to keep the reformers out of Paris and all hands was happy and contented, till one day theyer was a reformer come along by the name of Saint Barthollomew, he was all the time kicking up a rumpus, and king Looey says, what the name of a hell, am I a king or ain't I a king, you would think this here Barthollomew was a king, for the sake of argyment, now, you ketch him and drop him into the Basteel.

But this hear Barthollomew beat them to it, he and his gang of reformers sneaked into the Basteel, and they rushed up onto the roof and massikered king Looey, and to this day that is known as the massiker of Saint Barthollomew.

Well the reformers got the best of it that time, and a little later theyer was another rumpus and the battle of the Basteel was fought, and the reformers took the entire royyal fambly and dropped them down threw those holes in the roof of the Basteel and poured kerosene oil onto them and set fire to the whole sheebang and that was the end of the Basteel and the royyal fambly.

Well it is a darned shame it is gone, since it is gone reform will come creeping in more and more, and some day Paris will be just as bad off as the Younited Staits, though I can't say as I see much to worry about just now, they tried to take theyer abbsinthe from them, but you can get it, I never liked the darned stuff it always reminded me of parrgoric, what I am enjoying is the brandy, the vang ain't got the kick I am used to.

Well theyer orter be a Basteel like the old Paris Basteel setting in the center of every town in America with a king setting on top of it looking out against reformers.

I am in favor of them Basteels myself, if we had a lot of Basteels in America mebby we would get some reel liberty and enjoyment of life and foresooth of happiness like it says in the declaration of inndependense.

If I was running for President of the U. S. I would make that my platform, a Basteel for every town, and every Basteel full of reformers, mebby then we would get some freedom.

Al, he says he is learning a lot of new tricks, and I says to him what in the name of a hell will you do with them when you learn them, you got nothing to practice them on when you go home, all you got when you go home is boot leg likker.

Well, he says, theyer is a lot more to the soul than theyer is to the body, Clem. In my soul I am a bartender and a artist even when my boddy has got nothing to work on.

I will pick up all the bartending tricks I can here in Paris, Al says, and get them down fine, and mebby theyr will come a happy day in the U. S. when I can use them again, annyhow when the grate moment comes I will be prepaired for it, I will of done my part.

And if my opportunity never comes again on this here earth, he says, my duty is done, and I will be prepaired for what the hereafter has to show for itself.

That is all a man can do, live the kinder life he ought to live, and prepair his self for the best, and then the rest of it is with fate and provvidense.

Well that is the way Al feels about it, and he is right. He is a good man, Al is, he has got a soul into his boddy, and a pride in his perfeshin.

One of the morel lessins theyer is going to be in my histry of the world is you orter do the best you can and leave the rest to provverdense, what in the name of a hell more can you do?

Chapter Eighteen

Marie Antoinette

PARIS, Sept. 7.—Well, I promised I would keep right on with my histry of the world after I got here in Paris, and Al and me was talking it over today and we both desided it was on all sides of us, well theyer is so much of it you would scarcely know where to start.

Well, the best way, Al says, is to get a taxxy cab and crews around a little bit, so I wrote down onto a piece of paper Maree Antonette, and showed it to the taxi man, which he says he speaks a little English and Al claims he speaks a little French, and between the two of them we found six differnt places yessterday afternoon where Maree Antonette was massicured. You could say for that girl she had a charmed life.

One of them was the Eyefull Tower, and you could see why they named it that, it is sure some eye full.

Al, I says, ask this bird in French whether Maree Antonette jumped off of it, or was she pushed, I got to get this histry of the world correct.

We was setting at one of them little sidewalk places, and the shofer was setting with us having one. I will say this for the French, if you was to

suggest prohibishin to them they would more than likely leed you to the jillyteen.

Al asks him something or other, and he says something to the garsong, and the garsong brings three bottles of vang, and I says what has that got to do with Maree Antonette.

You got to be pashent, Clem, Al says, you gotto take histry a little bit at a time in this town. They kind of wash it down, here, you leeve it to me.

All this vang, I says, is taking up room I had planned to save for something else. I doant want to throw any doubts onto your French, but so far you aint had the language to get me a shot of real booze. Eviry time we have found a place where Maree was massicured all afternoon it has been vang, vang, vang, and nothing but vang.

I am a goanto try it myself from now on. I says.

I want some red liquor.

Garsong, you bring me a shot of whisky rooze.

Weesky, says the garsong, wee.

You have intellects, I says to the garsong, have one with us.

Cat weesky? he asks me.

Cat whisky, I says, or dog whisky, or any kind of whisky. I doant care what kind of annimals I see, so long as I get something that has got a kick in it.

Cat weesky, says the shofer, is four weeskies.

Well, we studied a little histry there, and then we went along down by the river, and we seen a building considerable longer than sevril trains of cars, and we set down at another one of these little sidewalk places acrost the way from it and Al and me speculated some about it.

By that time I was getting onto the langwidge a little myself. I says to the shofer, order cat more weeskies, and then tell us what that place is, it looks like all the raleroad stations in Europe had come to town.

He says we doant need cat more weeskies, and it is the Loov.

Order cat more anyhow, I says, I will drink two of them, it is too late to shows signs of weekness on this cat stuff, I suppose Maree was killed at this Loov place, too.

Wee, he says, and then he talks French to Al, and Al says we orter go in and see her statue.

Well, we went in and seen her statue, and I got a better idea of what must have happened to that poor queen than I ever had before.

It seems probably she wasn't killed all to oncet. They must of killed her piece meal.

There stood her statue in that Loov place, and the statue was made at the time her arms was broke off, and it was so quiet and respectful in there you could of heard a cork drop. From her waste line up her

cloathes was all off, poor girl they must of tried to kill her by axposure to the weather.

What she must have suffered at one time or another would of drawed tears from the heart of a stone.

Well, Al says, after talking some more of his French to the shofer, he says the worst is yet to be seen, they got another statue of her in here.

I got to have cat weeskies afore I feel strong enough to look at it, I says, poor girl, all because she was a queen that had spunk enough to speak up and say the Basteel shall not fall to-night.

So we went out and had cat weeskies for each one of us and we come back and the shofer showed us another statue of her on a stairway, and in this one not only is her arms gone, but her head is gone, and she has got wings on in this one.

Ask him about the wings, I says to Al.

Al asks him something, and then says to me the wings is to show she went to heaven in the end.

Clem, he says, it is like little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin; the wings is to show you can't keep a good girl down.

Well, we went out and had cat weeskies, and I got to feeling prety bad about poor Maree. I went back and took another look at her standing on that stairway, with her head gone and her arms gone, and them wings stretching back, and I ain't ashamed to say I cried.

Come along to the hotel, Al, I says to him, if I see

another place to-day where Maree was killed I would break down entirely, if this French histry keeps on being as sad as this I'm a goanto go to London and look at something chearful like that tower whare they used to smother theyr princes in.

So we had cat more weeskies and went on home.

Chapter Nineteen

Henri Quatre and Haig Soixante

PARIS, Sept. 11.—Well, just like I promised, I am a goanto keep my histry of the world going from Paris, and between Pierre, the shofer, speaking a little English and Al speaking a little French I am getting quite a lot of facts, which we carry this Pierre with us in his taxxy cab all over town.

Well theyer was a lot of them old-time kings, and the most of them was humdingers, we seen the Moniment of one of them on the Pong Nuff yesterday, it seems he was a regular hell cat and was responsible for a good many of them massicures they used to be all ways having over here.

Al, I says, you ask Pierre what this bird's name was.

Al has waited on table in some purty good places in his time, he learnt his French partly that way and partly, he says, he felt it breaking out on him like a rash when he landed in this country; he says, it is easy, Clem, if you fix your face right and then shove part of the words up your nose, you just watch the motions I make and you will ketch on.

He talked with Pierre and he says this old king

was known in his day as The Ornery Cat, he was some panther, he was, he could have licked Jack Dempsey.

Mebby, I says, mebby he could, but just for the sake of argyment I will throw this here Pierre into the river if he says he could of licked John L. Sulivan.

Well, Al says, him and another bird by the name of Saint Bartholomew started the French revolushin and the massicures lasted for months and months.

Well, I says, mebby he started them, but if John L. Sulivan had of been on deck he could of stopped them, tell me what else this Ornery Cat done.

Well, says Al, theyer is a little place over here by the end of the bridge, and I think we better have seece weeskies, that will be two a peece, I am getting tired of ordering only four and you all ways getting the extry one.

Well, no sooner said than done.

We rode around a little while and I says, you ask Pierre, Al, what that little dump over there is, it looks like it would of been a armory but it got discouraged, mebby theyr is some new kind of beverages sold in there.

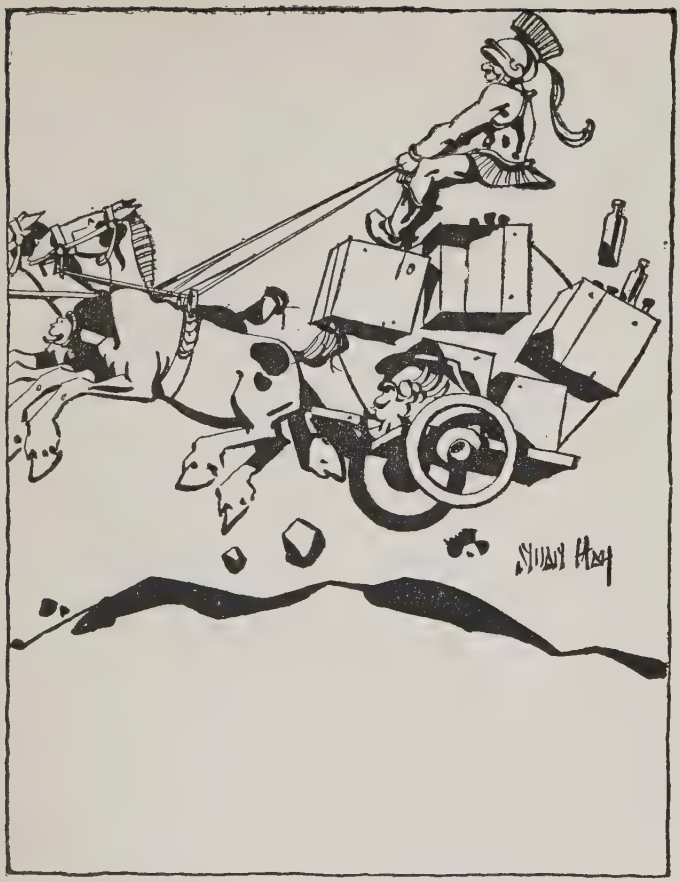
That, says Al, after he talks with Pierre, uset to be the place where they made the breath killers, it is called the tower of clovis, it was closed up on account of the war, but theyer is a place over there on the corner. So we went over theyr and had seece more weeskies.

What I want to see, I says, is the place where Napollion was born.

It is right around the corner, Al says, after he talked some with Pierre, and more than likely it has got chairs and tables setting out in front of it, and when we got there it had.

Well, it was a very humble little place, and I thought to myself what a wonder of the world he was to be born in such a little dump like that and make such a succes of life he got his self buried in a tomb as big as a United Staits post office bldg., and he owed his success in life to all ways doing what he dam pleased and not taking any back talk off of anybody.

They were cooking in that little dump, and I thought of the times Napollion didn't have a square meal to his name nor nothing to drink, and now his old home place was full of food and vang, and it made me so sad I asked Al to ask Pierre to order seece more weeskies, but Pierre had passed out of the picture, and when Al ordered them himself they brought sixteen weeskies instead of six, and I managed to make them understand it wasn't right, and then three waiters and the landlady that run the place got together and they talked with Al, and they looked surprised, but he showed them some money, and they went in and talked it over amongst themselves, and they come out to our table again and brought us sixty weeskies.



"I'm going to pull a party, port cullis," Ceesar would say. . . . "I leev the deetails to you, port cullis, but theyer is one little thing I want tended to particler. I want the whole derned collyseeim filled with wine."

Well, I says to Al, here we are a long way from home and the question is do we weaken or doant we weaken.

Clem, Al says, I never done nothing yet to disgrace the American flag in a furrin land.

Me neither, I says, and I had a lot of axperience in my time, but even for an axperienced hand it is quite a task that has been set before us.

Clem, he says, all we need is time.

Thank heaven, I got nothing to leeve my family, I says, for theyer ain't any chance of me making a will in the French language.

They axpect it of us, Clem, he says, and we gotto go through with it.

And sure enough the three waiters and the landlady was standing and waiting and looking at us in admirashin, and four or five of theyer frends was thare, and the news was spreading.

I really would hate to tell them it is too beaucoup, Al says, they would be so disappointed.

Don't tell them nothing more, I says, you are getting us in worse with every chunk of French language you pull on them, if you say anything more they will bring six hunderd of them, wake up Pierre a little and we will pour six or eight of them into him.

No sooner said than done.

Well, I wont say how far we got, but we done the best we could, and as if by magic we found ourselves in the midst of frends purty soon, and I woant say

what become of Pierre and Al, but after while I found myself sitting on some stone steps crying and a fellow says to me in American what are you so sorrowful about?

Well, I said, this is the river that Maree Antonette was drowned in.

She must of been a grate friend of yours, he says, the way you take on over her, and if I hadn't of pulled you back a minute ago you would of been in the Seine.

I doant care, I says, if I do roll in; the way they used that poor queen is enough to brake any man's heart that has got any right feelings in him, you leeve me alone with my grief.

Lerning histry on the spot is a good deal more touching on the elements and emotions than lerning it out of books, you get to thinking how hard a time them poor people had, and if you are any kind of a man a tall you got to cry a little, and I told this feller so.

Uh-huh, he says, but it is pretty late to weep over the Boorbons now.

They wasn't Boorbons, I told him, they was Skotches, all of them was Haig and Haig.

Well, theyer is a place near here called Verrsigh, and they say it is one of the seven wonders of the world, after me and Al and Pierre gets rested up a little we are going out and give it the oncet over.

Chapter Twenty

Looey Cat Horse

PARIS, Sept. 15.—Well, me and Al and Pierre, the shofer, went out to this Verrsigh place the other day and seen where the old kings used to live, and I will say it must of took quite a gang of hired girls to keep that place going, to say nothing of the back yard, which is as big as a county fair grounds, and in the old days all them fountains uset to be spouting vang instead of water.

Well, theyr ain't enough difference between the two to get a man excited when he has been brought up on hard liquor, France is only one jump ahead of prohibishin, as far as I can see, with vang and beer and all them soft drinks, you hardly ever see any of the French drinking hard liquor.

This old Looey Cat Horse that built the place was some bird in his day, theyr is a statue of him on his horse in the front yard, and all around twenty or thirty other statues of kings and dukes he knocked out or got the decision onto, and when he would knock out a king he would say, what the hell, what kind of a looking wife has this bird got.

Well, your majesty, the john darm would say, she is considerable looker, or she ain't, as the case might be, and Looey Cat Horse would say, You trot her over to the palace, I will see for myself.

And if she was quite a looker he would sign her on.

After while the Verrsigh palace got filled up with queens and concord bynes he had signed up just like the old peetryarchs in the early days of the world, and he says what the hell, john darm, go and give orders for some more pallisses.

So they built some more pallisses all around the big pallis to hold the queens and concord bynes, and you can see the pallisses yet, they have turned them into hotels, theyr is room enough in each one of them for half a dozen queens and concord bynes, and them hotels has got the same hawty notions they had in the old days. They are the only places in France that makes you remember how much drinks cost in America, so far as I have seen.

He could set up on top of his big pallis and look for miles and miles in every direction, and one day he was setting up theyr and looked out towards Paris and he seen quite a cloud of dust coming his way.

John darm, he says, what is that.

Your majesty, says the john darm, it looks to me like the French revolushin was coming this way.

I thought I give orders theyr wasn't to be any, says the king.

These birds say theyr through taking orders, says the john darm.

What in the name of a hell, john darm, says the king, do they really mean business, this gang.

Wee, your majisty, says the john darm.

By that time the gang was all up in the court yard, yelling like ravelling wolves, it was getting seryus.

Fling them a queen, says the king.

So they pitched Louise La Valleree offen the roof. That only stopped them for a minute.

Fling them another queen, says Looey Cat Horse.

No sooner said than done.

Pretty soon they began to run out of queens.

What shall we do now, yure majisty, says the head john darm.

What in the name of a hell, says the king, if the queens is all gone you will have to start in on the concord bynes. I hate it, but theyr doant look to be any other way out, they gotto go.

Just then Queen Maree Antonett came running up to the roof, and she fell onto her knees and says, Yure majisty, I am the last queen left, and I am the one theyr all after.

I can't bear to see these poor innocent concord bynes flung to the mob, when I am really the one they are all after. Fling me to the mob, yure majisty, and save the poor, innocent concord bynes.

Maree, the king says, you are a noble girl. It hurts me to refuse anything you ask me to do, but I cannot fling you to the mob. John darm, fill the big coach with concord bynes and have it waiting in the back yard at the foot of the secret staircase, I am going to save Maree if I can.

He climbed into the coach with Maree and took the reins himself, and they galluped the horses for Paris, and pretty soon the crowd got wise and gained onto them.

John darm, throw them a concord byne, shouts the king.

No sooner said than done.

But in two minutes they had hung her to a lamp post and was gaining on the king again, yelling they wanted Maree Antonett, and nobody else.

Fling them another concord byne says king Looey.

And all the way to Paris it went like that, with concord byne after concord byne being flung to the mob. Maree, says the king, if I can oncet get into the Loov I will save you yet.

But they turned over the carryage right on the Plass de Concord, whare theyr is a big spike sticking up now to mark the place, and king Looey took the name of Smith and escaped from the mob, but poor Maree had her head chopped off thare.

Me and Al and Pierre, the shofer, goes nearly every day and sits and looks at that big spike sticking up and thinks what a tough time that poor queen had,

they mutelayted her awful, and in another chapter I will have something to say about Napollion, he was a humdinger, he was, he was one of the seven wonders of the world, if he had of had the weight to him that bird could of licked John L. Sulivan.

Chapter Twenty-One

Gargoyles

PARIS, Sept. 18.—Well, theyer is lots of arky-texture in Paris, almost every other bldg. you see is all arkytextured up in one way or the other, I never seen so many churches in all my born days, not even in Brooklin, theyer uset to be as many breweries as theyer was churches in Brooklin but now the noes have it.

Neerly all these Paris churches is erected to the memry of Saint Somebody, or other, and for the sake of argyment this Saint was as a usual thing massicured way back in the erly days.

Theyer was Saint Denny, he must of been an Irrishman by his name, they cut his head off and he picked it up and beat it away from thare and carried his head in his hands for miles and miles, Pierre the showfure told me about it, and finally he stubbed his toe on them cobblestones and fell down, but his head kept on a rolling and a rolling and whare it stopped they errected a church to his memry.

Well, Al says, he couldn't of been an Irrishman, if he had of been an Irrishman he would have swung on somebody with that head and beaned them, you

never seen an Irrishman that wouldn't of swung on somebody.

Then thare was Saint Notary Dom, his church has been all arkytextured up with gargle oils, they are sticking out over the roof of it, with theyer necks stretched and theyer mouths open, they are mean looking goofs.

Well, Al says, why do they call them gargle oils.

Doant be an iggnoramus, I told him, annybody ought to see they call them gargle oils because they are cleering theyer throats. They are carved that natural you can almost hear them hawk and spit.

I will tell the world them gargle oils are nothing to look at after a feller has had from cat to seece weeskies, you can't quit looking at them and you go and get seece more shots and look at them again and then they begin to get pursonal the way they wiggle theyer heads and wink at you.

Poor Al he gets a little bit lit up the other evening and he goes up on top of a place called Mongmart and he gets down on his hands and knees at the edge of the bluff and stretches his neck out over the city and begins to whine and bark and make noises like a trayned blood hound in a uncle Tom's cabin show.

What in the name of a hell are you doing that for Al, I asks him, you better snap out of it.

You leeve me be, Clem, he says, I am a gargle oil. I guess I got a right to be a gargle oil if I want to.

You ain't as young as you uset to be, you will have lumbague in the small of your back tomorrow morning, I tells him.

Lumbague or no lumbague, he savs, I can lick any other gargle oil my size in Paris.

The only way I could get him started for home was to coax him onto the top of Pierre's taxi cab, he wouldn't get inside of it, and he stretched his self over the edge and played he was a gargle oil and I had to set on his legs to keep him from rolling off, and that way we went through all the prinssiple streets.

And Pierre would stop his cab every time we come to one of them side walk cafes, and Al would ask if any gent would like to feed the gargle oils, and purty soon some fellers we never seen afore got cabs and come along with us and played they was gargle oils too and that gargle oil parade crossed over the river and we picked up some stewdents over on the bool mish and they played they was gargle oils and it got to be quite a sport by midnight, with Al leeding the percession and evry time we come to another cafe he would say, I'm a gargle oil, I'm a gargle oil, come and throw hoops at the gargle oils, the gargle oil you ring is the gargle oil you get.

The way some Americans drink in Paris is enough to make you a frend of moderashin for life, it was 4 oclock a m in the morning afore I got that Al to bed and I says I am ashamed of you. He says you leeve me be, my shoulders is itching like wings is

starting. If it wasn't for his fool friends holding him down, he says, he would fly over the city.

Well, arkytexture is a gift, but hand painting is a tallent, you can see lots of A number 1 hand painting in Paris, the Loov is bigger than the Pennsilvania station and it is jammed full of hand paintings.

The only way I could explain how theyer come to be so much hand painting in the Loov is on account of prohibishin brakeing out in America. When they closed the bar rooms in America they must of took all the hand paintings you uset to see and shipped them right over here to the Loov, thare must be hand paintings from a thousand bar rooms in the Loov.

It makes you feel right sad to think of them miles and miles of pictures that have come down to this. Now peeple have to cross the ocean to see good hand paintings or get a drink of reel liquor, that is what prohibishin has done to us.

As for the statues, I must say most of them ain't any too modest, but what the hell, it is only stone, it doant make any difference. And you could immagin it was Angels and that would make it all o. k. and morel.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Strong Drink Ain't Everything

PARIS, Sept. 20.—Well, Al says last night, I ain't saying anything against the French and I am willing to take their words for it they are the finest cooks in the world, but if I was to find myself by some merricle in Baycliff, L. Ileland, to-night I know just the kind of grub I would aim to throw my lip over.

For the sake of argyment, I says, what would you throw your lip over?

I would begin first off with a piece of punkin pie, he says, a grate big wedge of it, and I wouldn't bother to take a fork to it, neither. I would take it in the palm of my hand like I uset to when I was a kid, and flop it and eat into it. The French is a grate people, but they never been lernt nothing about punkin pie.

Next I would have a big stack of buckwheet cakes with maple sirrup onto them, and then I would have some spareribs of a hog and mebby a peece of backbone of a hog and then I would eat another peece of punkin pie.

Then mebby I would have some wortermillion rind perserves. And then, he says, with a kind of a

dreamy look onto the countinants of his face, then I would have a few cobs of this hear golden bantim sweet corn.

France is plumb full of pallisses and fromages and elligant tombs and frogs legs and cathedrals and good likkers and politeness, but theyer aint a cob full of honest-to-gawd golden bantim sweet corn, picked right out of the garden, in the whole place.

What next, I says.

Next, says Al, for the sake of argyment, I would eat another peece of punkin pie.

And then I would have a good, big, thick, bloody beafstake broiled the way noboddy on erth but Jake Smith can broil it, none of these hear little filleys and stakes with fussy sauces and fancy fixings, but a stake that was off a reel critter to begin with, and doant ask nothing of annybody but to be broiled a little on the outside so the juice stays into it and it just melts in your mouth.

Then I would have some coffee with reel cream into it, and then I would fill up my pipe with reel Amerrican pipe tobacco and set and smoke and think for a while, and after that if there was any more punkin pie left I would work myself outside of it.

Yes, I says, that sounds good, but for the sake of argyment, Al, if you was home, what kind of liquid damnashin could you get to drink along with that meal.

Clem, says Al, strong drink ain't evvrything in life.

Al, I says, I hate to addmit it, but it ain't.

What I been thinking of, I says, is a pot of bake beans baked the way noboddy but my old woman can bake them. She takes them beans and she picks them all over on Friday afternoon and she looks careful into the pedigree and fambly standing of each perticler bean.

Then she soaks them beans in water all night Friday night, and when she says her prayers she puts up a speshil prayer for them beans.

At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning the cat all ways mews outside the window to get in and that wakes me up and I push the old woman out of bed with my foot and she goes and lights the kitchen range and puts them beans on to bile.

She biles them slow and thoughtful all morning till 12 o'clock noon, and now and then she puts on her glasses and reads a chapter to herself out of the good book while they are biling.

And she doant let them bile so hard nor so long that they go into mush.

If they was to go into mush my old woman would feel as if she dassent look another housekeeper in Baycliff, L. Ileland, in the face for a month.

At noon she takes the big brown bean pot, and in the bottom of it she puts a layer of beans. She shreds in a little mite of onion and one bay leaf. On top of that she dribbles a layer of New Orleens mollasses. And on top of that she puts a layer of salt pork that

is half fat and half lean, and that is sliced thin, but not too thin.

Then she puts in another layer of beans about three inches deep, with a little more ravvelings of onion and another bay leaf, and then another layer of mollasses and another layer of salt pork, and she builds them layers up careful till the pot is neerly full, and the last layer on top is a thin layer of mollasses and pork.

And then from noon till 6 o'clock she bakes it slow and religious in the right kind of an oven that has had the right kind of words whispered to it.

And I'd give every monniment in Paris for a plate of them beans right now.

Shut up about them beans, Al says, I doant want my dream changed, I am a dreaming about waffles.

Well, I says, for the sake of argyment, mebby you and me is getting homesick.

The hell about being homesick, Al says, is that afore you can get it cured you gotto be seasick.

It's something the stomach has got to be fortifyed against, both homesickness and seasickness is, I says, and a part of our evening has been wasted.

Garsong, he says, come dodenayre, and the garsong, who is a right bright young feller, brought us the same as all ways.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Vincennes

PARIS, Sept. 24.—Me and Al and Pierre the shofer went out to Van Sann Sunday, and in spite of its name you would be surprised that there is nothing Dutch about it, which all the Vans I ever knew on L. Ileland was dessended offen the Dutch.

Axcept if you was to make a joke about it and say it was the place whare they put them when they got in Dutch, which they was all ways doing in the early days here in France, one of theyer favorite ways of spending the Sabbath was to pull a massicure.

You never seen so many walls and castles all going away back as fur as the flood and the days of Noah. They uset to put the princes in the dungins here to ripen as you might say afore they made kings out of them, and when the old king would die in Paris they would come galluping out and say hurrah, the king is dead, long live the king. All ways theyer was one prince getting ripe in the Basteel and another prince getting ripe in Van Sann, and the one that hopped to it first after the old king died was the new king.

Theyer is a pare of big, high towers neerly as high

as the Wulwurth bldg., and on top of one of them towers there would all ways be a prince standing looking up the road to Paris hoping for news that his old man was dead, they didn't dare to let them out of the prisons in the erly days or they would of put rough on rats in the king's grub and croaked him erly, and as soon as the prince became king his two oldest sons would be put into Van Sann and into the Basteel.

And all the way between the castle at Van Sann and the Loov in Paris was a lot of small pallisses all ways full of queens and courteesyans raising up new princes so as the supply of kings would not run short, and every now and then the oldest son would be pushed off the high tower and fall into the mote with a splash and when he come up a jong darm would stick a spear through him, they uset to spear princes in the moat thare like they was musk rats, and some other prince would be put in the place of the rightful heir to ripen for the throne.

The one that held out the longest was the Man in the Iron Mask, he was one of the seven wonders of the world, he lived to be as old as Meethosalem.

He was the rightful heir, and the rest was all jellus of him, they was all ways taking a wallup at that guy, but on account of that iron mask he foiled the blows, a wallop on the jaw meant nothing to that bird, he was wise to that gang of plug uglies and he never took off his mask, awake or asleep, and he was

the only prince France ever had, as fur as I can make out, that died a nacheral death for five hundred years.

First, Pierre the shofer tells us, they had the Middle Evil days at Van Sann, and then they had the Renny Song days, and Al says, for the sake of argyment, what did they sing, I bet it was something sad.

Well, I will say, by the time a king got to it, in the erly days in France, he had earnt it, and when the revolushin come along a lot of them princes must of heeved a sigh of releef and said, thank heaven, we doant have to be royalty any more.

I been getting a lot of inside dope on that French revolushin from Pierre the shofer, you put traw or cat weeskies into Pierre and the histry begins to come out of him.

He says they never dared to tell the worst about that revolushin yet or it would stop the toorist trade, but his grate grand dad went all through it and come out alive, and told it to his dad and his dad put him wise to it.

He says the Seine was so full of counts and dukes and discounts at one time it run with blood and he took us and showed us some stains on the under side of a couple of the bridges and the blood was that high, but nowadays, he says, the French doant like to have it talked about how high the blood was for fear it will give strangers a bad impreshin of the country, and he is only telling it to me and Al be-

cause we have used him right and poor boyed him frequent. But he says the truth will come out in the end in spite of the government trying to stop it, and in the name of liberty he is not afraid to tell the truth about how high the blood was, but Al says you can't trust him too fur.

You put vang into a Frenchman, Al says, and he is uset to it, and the truth will come out of him. But he ain't uset to weeskies like he is to vang, and histry comes out of him, and mebby it is true and mebby it is ambition.

Well, Al was a bartender most of his life, and he otto know what difrent drinks does to the difrent countries of the human race. Pierre says during the revolushin they uset to lead them dukes up to the top of the Eyefull Tower and the crowd down below would count to ten, and if the duke didn't jump when they all yelled ten he was pushed from behind.

Well, I discovered from talking with Pierre why Paris is such a cheerful town to-day, it has got to be cheerful in order to fergit its past. He showed us to-day whare that Sharlot Corday stabbed a gent in his bathtub, but what in the name of a hell she done it for I could never get out of him, probably that is something the French doant talk too much about either on account of driving away tourists.

Hold on, Al says, ain't this the left bank of the river?

It is, says Pierre, it is the reeve goash.

When did this happen, Al says.

It was a hundred and twenty yeers ago, says Pierre.

What was a bathtub doing over here on this side of the river a hundred and twenty years ago, Al says, they ain't but two of them over here now. They must of built a hotel around Sharlot's bathtub and are advertising it to-day as a modern hotel.

Well, Pierre tells us, the gent Sharlot stabbed was sick, he had a skin disease, he was taking a bath on acct. of his skin diseese.

I axcept his apollogy, Al says, garsong ongkore traw weeskies.

No sooner said than done.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Aquiring Culture

PARIS, Sept. 25.—I says to Al, well, here is you and me raseing cane all over Paris, and plumb forgitting we otto get cultured. One of the things you gotto do when you come over hear is to get yourself cultured and mebby me and you is never goanto have another chancet at it.

These Eeropeans is all ways speeling that us Americans ain't cultured enough, and theyr is only too much truth in it.

Look at you, Al, for the sake of argyment, you wasn't cultured when you come here, and you ain't made any effort to get that way.

I ain't, ain't I, says Al, the deuce I ain't, I have too. I went and bought nearly every kind of post card we have seen yet. I am going to make an album out of them, and then if I was ever to fall by the wayside and be embraced into the holy bounds of matter-mony that album would be a hell of a nice thing to have onto the center table in the parlor, that is the kind of a thing a woman nacherally wants in the parlor.

Well, I says, half the places you bought post cards of you never went into yourself and I bet you cat

weeskies you doant know the dates of anything. For the sake of argyment, when was Maree Antonette born?

Well, when was she? he says.

Fourteen ninety two, I says.

Well, he says, I doant have to know myself, either the dates is on the cards or else they ain't, and I could tell you sevril things you never knowed before as dam cultured and historical as you pretend yourself to be.

Well, for instence, he says, that golden John Dark statue down there at the corner was irrected to the memry of a woman and not of a man at all, as the name impinges.

No matter what the name impinges, I says, what was it she done, can you tell me that.

She was Napollyons first wife, he says, and she was massicured in the erly days.

Go on, go on, I says, tell what for.

Go and look it up yourself, he says. Doant try to graft your culture offen me. Get some of your own. I would never of brought up the subjeck of culture myself, between two gents that is supposed to be friends, but so long as you are making such a howl about it, you better make good yourself afore you crittisize me.

You doant know what she was massicured for, I says.

I could tell you, he says, but I doant want the

The wings is to show she went to heaven in the end. Clem, he says, its like little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin; the wings is to show you you can't keep a good girl down.

waiter to heer. Lots of these garsongs understand the American and English languages. It is something the French doant like to hear furriners talk about.

Well, I tanted him, I didn't know the French took you for a furriner, the way you speak theyre lingo.

I suppose, he says, you feel proud and superrior on acct. of your iggnorance, but iggnorance is nothing to brag about. You ben in Paris a month and all the lingo you know is that weesky is the French word for whisky, and you got to order cat of them or seece of them at a time, because you have lerned cat is four and seece is six and you doant know any other numbers, you are a peech to put up a yell about being cultured, you are.

Well, I would nacherally order from four to six of them every oncet in a while anyhow, I says, and it ain't all the French I know, I know ongkore, which meants to bring cat or seece more, as the case may be.

One word led to another like that till we would of been at outs, axcept the waiter heard me say ongkore, and he brought cat more of them.

And pretty soon Al says, when they was gone, I will addmit I ain't as cultured as I otto be. Let the wimmen folks tend to that kind of stuff, they like it.

If I had some wimmen folks was stuck on being cultured I might have to smoke up and get that-a-way myself, but in the meantime I'd rather be comfortable.

Mebby youre right, I says, thare is poor Jake Smith. Since he made all that money in the bootlegging perfeshin and sent his dawters to that swell girls school they are hell bent for culture.

They got it themselves now, and they keep the old man mizzerable trying to make him get it. But if it was as ketching as small pok Jake would struggle against it.

If they ever get that greesy cordiroy vest offen old Jake it will be a merricle, says Al.

Yes, I says, it will, garsong ongkore cat more weeskies, you see Al, my French is coming along, and the waiter done it again.

Here's to old Jake, says Al, lifting his glass.

To old Jake, I says, doing likewise.

Just then somebody hits both of us on the shoulders and lets out a roar, saying I declare myself in on that, and we jumps up and what in the name of a hell, if it wasn't Jake Smith his self.

My dawters, he says, has drug me over here to Paris to compleat my educashin. Here, garsong, traw more weeskies toot sweet, I am learning the language fast, I kinda like it here, some owe da veeshy, garsong, toot sweet, I take a chaser after it even if Clem doant, after we have this one boys we will go whare we can put our feet onto a railing, and if you boys ain't doing anything to-night mebby we can start in completing our educashins together.

Well, no sooner said than done.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Jake Smith's Declaration of Independence

PARIS, Oct. 2.—Me and Jake Smith and Al was setting on one of the kays talking and Pierre the showfure was with us and Jake was poor boying him every now and then.

Jake can't get used to this French money and they are taking it offen him in bales here, he poor boys somebuddy evry time he turns round, his fambly is peeling big strips of it offen him and scatering it to the four winds of heaven.

Effie and Tessie, them dawters of mine, Jake says, is a goanto be the ruingation of me, they already bought so many dresses and hats here in Paris it looks like I gotto buy a ship to take that stuff home in.

Well, Jake, I says, you should worry. As long as you bootleggers and them anty-saloon leggers between you can keep prohibisin going on at home, I doant see any reason why you couldn't buy a whole flock of ships.

Clem, he says, a Bootlegger has got expenses his customers doant know anything about. The poor boying you gotto do here in Paris is nothing to the

money you gotto be paying out at home all the time to keep different parties squared and satisfied.

Them girls of mine has went and got them a French maid all ready, and they would of got one for Mother, too, but Mother won't stand for it. And only yesterday Effie come to me and says, Pa, could we have a Shattow.

They're ain't a boot legger, nor yet an anty saloon legger in America got any sweller girls than them dawters of mine, and it nearly breaks my heart to deny 'em anything, but you gotto draw the line somewheres, and I says to Effie, not if a Valet goes with a Shattow you can't have a Shattow.

If I gotto be all duded up I told Effie, I'm a goanto dude myself up with my own hands, it would be a hell of a note having a feller with a prince albert coat and spats on all ways hanging around saying Mounseer, here is your clean socks or Mounseer, your galluses is hitched onto your pants ready for you and Mounseer, the hair oil is warmed for you. A feller can be pushed too fur. If I was to waken up in the morning and find some cuss with one of these monicles in his eye setting on the edge of my bed sewing a button onto my night shirt I would reach under the bed and pick up a shoe and bean him with it.

I says to Effie, you and Tess went and buried my favorite vest in the back yard, and when the dog dug it up and brought it in, you and Tess went and

burnt it, and you took away my comfortable shoes with the elastics in the sides, and now since I been over here I see a lot of fat old French birds wearing them kind of shoes, but I be dam if you're going to make me so efeemiate I have a Valet, a feller can be pushed too fur.

Effie says if she can have a Shattow a buttler would be enough, she wouldn't worry me any more about a Valet, only I would have to keep my finger nails clean and not use that gold toothpick mother give me last Christmas or else the butler would look down on me.

I woant have a buttler neither, I says. I seen them birds in shows, and if one of them treated me off the stage like they treat folks on the stage theyre would be trouble.

I won't have anybody working for me that is too proud and hawty to call me Jake. All my help in the old bar room called me Jake, and nobuddy too uppity to use my first name can stay on my pay roll.

I'm good natured myself and I gotto have good natured folks around me and working fur me, if they ain't I am lible to get errytated and hurt some one. Am I right, or ain't I right, boys.

You're right, Jake, me and Al says.

You dam know I'm right Jake says. And then he says, kinda sad, but right or not right, I betcha I have to give in about the buttler afore Chrismass, the

continyus dropping of wimmen's tears will ware away a stone. Garsong, he says, ongkore us cat more of them weeskies, toot sweet, and rustle along a demi of owe da veeshy, too.

No sooner said than done.

If I'm a goanto be drug into society, says Jake, I'm goanto be drug in on my own terms.

Yes, Jake, I says, and if they do drag you in you woant have any more time for me and Al and your old friends.

The hell I woant, Jake says, I will, too. If the wimmen woant let you into the parlor you can come and sit in the basement with me, and we can set and spit tobacco juice into the furnace and talk sensible.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Jake and the Loov

PARIS, Oct. 5.—Me and Jake Smith and Al was setting in front of a place on one of the kays, with all our feet up on a table we had reserved for us, and a resting our feet, because we all got our feet sore and inflamed, Al and me been up to Mongmart walking on them cobblestones and we made the misstake of laying off weeskies and drinking some of that white burrgundy wine, which it goes to the feet, a feller otto lay off them soft drinks unless he is brought up in the country, and it was a hot day.

Jake he got his feet all swelled up running around to stores with his wimmen folks buying things and standing and waiting, and since he got so rich offen prohibishin in America his dawters woant let him wear his old easy shoes with ellastics in the sides, they throwed the last pair he owned overboard offen the ship on the way over here.

My dawters, Tessie and Effie, are hell hounding me for that Shattow, Jake says, its Shattow, Shattow, Shattow, till I can't rest, and I'm all most sorry prohibishin is such a success in America and I made so much money bootlegging.

Finally I told Effie today I would buy her a Shattow if she would only keep her mouth shut a while, but I would buy it right here in Paris if I had to buy it, right here in the heart of the town.

I wonder what they would sell me fifty yards of that long palliss over there on the other side of the river for.

You mean that one acrost there, Al says, that looks like a long string of high school buildings shoved together.

Uh-huh, says Jake, that's the one I mean, I been noticing it for a couple days now, I kinda like that place. Theres a nice yard over there by it. I would only want fifty or sixty yards of it.

I miss doubt, says Al, wether they would sell any of that palliss to a furriner.

What is it, says Jake.

It's what they call the Loov, says Al.

What's it sacred to the memory of, says Jake.

Kings, I says, a lot of 'em lived and died there.

Well, it could be aired out, says Jake.

I kinda took a fancy to the outside looks of that old dump.

If I was to buy a chunk of it, I would stick another storey or two onto the top of it, and clear out some of them old stone statues from the yard, and it would be right handy to the down town part of Paris.

And then it's right onto the river bank, too, and that would be an advantige. Whenever I took a notion to go fishing I would only have to cross the

street. And thare's plenty of room in the yard for the girls to give lawn sociables and invite as many beaus as they want.

If I gotto go into society, says Jake, and it looks damn near certain I'm a goanto be drug in wether I like it or not, I'm a goanto have something classy, but not efeemiate.

Some white and green paint would do wonders fur that building. And mebby some of them old stone statues wouldn't look so bad, neither, if they was spruced up some with a new coat of paint.

Garsong, give us another ongkore on the weeskies.

No sooner said than done.

And after Jake had poor boyed the garsong, he went on. If you fellers has got nothing better to do this afternoon we could get us some poles and bait and go fishing over thare in the river right now. Our feet is all blistered up, and we could rent one of the barges and take off our shoes and socks and roll our pants up and stick our feet into the water and fish and be comfortable, and hire a garsong to fetch us drinks from time to time as the need calls fur them.

No sooner said than done. And after we had set there an hour or two fishing, Jake says What I like about this Paris town is you can get comfortable here, you can do what you dam please in this town and nobody cares. I kinda like this town.

Me too, says Al.

Me too, I says.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Some Modern History

PARIS, Oct. 14.—Me and Jake Smith and Al was setting at a place using of our time as usual and thinking between ongkores and Al says it is getting about time to think of vittles, what are we going to eat to-night.

Right around the corner is a place where you can get something that is almost like beefsteak if you slip a poor boy to the chef, and they pomme a wicked terre in that place for you, too.

It will be a relcafe to me to see you eat something, I told him, I ain't seen you open your face to receave anything but liquids for two days now, and I am getting ashamed of you.

Charity ought to commence at home, he says, and so had shamefulness. You oughto be ashamed of yourself afore you get ashamed of your betters.

Well, I says, it will surprise two men like you and Jake that has got no finer feelings, but the truth is that I am kinda ashamed of myself, I been getting that way all afternoon, I been getting so ashamed of myself that my shamefulness is spredding all over outside of myself to take in you poor mammals of

iniquity that can't rise up to being ashamed of yourself.

What is eating you, says Jake.

I lost my morrality, I says, that is what is eating me, and I nevver reealized it afore, but looking around on all these Frenchmen here drinking what they want to and obeying the legallity of their own country at the same time, I reealize that I lost my morrality.

I doant obey the law when I am at home in my own country, and I doant intend to obey the law when I get back thare, but I doant feel good over it. I wisht it had some legality that a self-respecting cittizen could obey, like these French has got. Over all theyer big lodge bldgs. here and Elks clubs, where the kings ucet to live, or whatever they are, they have got that motto chiselled into stone, liberty, legality and fraternity, which means you are at liberty to take a drink with a friend and be legal about it at the same time.

But my own country has desserted me and left me out on a limb, and I can't take a drink legal, and I feel sad about it.

I all ways wanted to be a law-abiding citizen and respect my country's laws, but when they make laws I doant stand any show of keeping I feel alone in the world and it makes me feel sad.

I love my country and I am a gonna stay away from it as long as my money holds out, for just as

soon as I land into it again the first thing I will do is break its laws.

Well, Jake says, I never looked at it thataway myself afore this, but I guess you are right about it, garsong, ongkore us traw more weeskies toot sweet.

No sooner said than done.

I looked at Al, and Al was looking mighty seerious, too, it had never struck him thataway afore neither; he had been hitting them up for two or three days, and thare was teers in his eyes.

Garsong, he says, go and buy me an American flag somewhares. I want to cry over it, I just reealized I ain't got any country.

Jake, he drunk his shot of hootch, and then he ordered and drunk another one of them, and then all of a sudden he begun to sob, and he says, I ain't got any country neither and I never knowed it afore.

Here the three of us sits, and we ain't none of us got any country, we are all of us outcasts from our native land, and nothing but furrin countries and cold oceans on every side of us all the world around, garsong, you gotto ongkore that last order toot sweet again.

Which the garsong done it, and Jake says, sobbing into his glass, it is a hell of a struggle when a man finds his self twisted betwen his conshince and his love for his country.

Me, I am a Bootlegger, and proud of it, and my conshince tells me I otto keep right on being a Boot-

legger, so as to bring a little bit of joy and comfort into the lives of them that needs a shot of whisky now and then, and do all the good I can in the world thataway.

But on the other hand my country tells me that what I am a doing ain't legal; I am a going to keep on doing it, because it is right, and it is my lot in life, and I want to do all the good in the world that I can, but it is brakeing my heart to think that my country has desserted me, and I still love my country even if she is in the wrong and I am in the right.

Which I had a heluva time getting a passport to come over here as it was on account of a fool conviction they got on the books against me, and the only way I ever got that passport was to take hold of a Congressman by the neck and tell him you get busy and get that passport shoved through for me, or I will not only shut off your supplies of booze, but I will tell the Anti-Saloon Leggers that you doant drink the way you vote, you fellers gotto keep in with both the Bootleggers and the Anti-Saloon Leggers if you want your drinks on the one hand and your re-elections on the other. So he shoved it through. Well, I'm a gonna keep on doing what my conshince tells me is the right thing, but I love my country, and I hate being un-legal just as bad as anybody.

So Jake he put his head down onto the table and cried, and Al and me done the same, and Pierre the showfure, which had passed away an hour or so

previous, woke up and begun to cry, too, and the garsong got worried and thought the ongkores mebby wasn't coming toot sweet enough and he hasted more of them along, and we axcepted them, but it only made all of us cry all the worse because we was in a furrin land surrounded by oceans and our country had went back on us. I never knowed how much I loved my country till I realized I had lost her.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Mona Lisa

PARIS, Oct. 15.—Come over to the Loov, Al says to me and Jake, theyr is a picture over thare Clem otto put something about into his histry of the world, it is a trick picture, nobody can guess the answer to it.

Well, I says to Al, what do you know about the histry of the world or about hand painting, and just for the sake of argyment who told you about this picture.

What the hell, he says, am I an iggnorramus just because I soshiate with iggnorramuses like you and Jake, I read about her in a Sunday suppliment back home, she was stole and the thief didn't know what she was about and brought her back again, and Pierre told me she is on view.

As a matter of fact, I says, what is her name.

Mona is her name, he says, Mona Lizzy.

Mona Lizzy what, I asks him, Lizzy ain't a last name, and what is the trick in this hand painting.

It is a last name in her case, he says, and the trick is to guess what the little dame is thinking about, she is a swell looking little dame, but she packs a

wicked eye; you can't get anywheres that eye doant follow you, they say, and for hundreds of yeers they been guessing what she meant by it, and she's got a smile that may mean yes and may mean no and may not mean a dam thing, it's a riddle and that's whare the entertainment comes in.

So we mosyed along over to take a look at this hand painting, she was a Wop lady and not French, and a girl was making a copy of her and Jake Smith, the old goof, sticks his finger onto that copy and tells the girl she isn't getting the color of the hair the same way.

Be careful, says the girl, that paint isn't dry yet.

Oh, that doant make no difference, Miss, says Jake, doant apologize, I doant mind a little paint on my fingers, my hands aint very clean anyhow.

But you've spoiled my copy, says the girl.

That's all right, says Jake, how much is it, I will buy it offen you. She named a price and no sooner said than done, Jake give her the name of his hotel and paid for it and told her to send it around and a couple more when the paint got dry.

Now that them girls of mine is a goanto drag me into society, Jake says, I will have to pay a lot of attention to hand painting, I suppose, and go to the opery house and hear them caterwaul and stand for all them dam things like that.

Well, now, I says to Al, looking at Mona, what would you say she was thinking of.

All I will say is this, says Al, she looks to me just exactly like Herb Simpson's first wife, Nell, back in Baycliff, L. Ileland.

I know what she is thinking about, says Jake Smith, I could tell at a glance what she is thinking about, she is thinking she is got a new dress on, and she is going to have still another new dress next week, and none of the other girls she knows has got two new dresses in one week, and is kind of putting it over on the other girls, and she feeels pretty good about it, I seen that very same look on both my girls faces time and again after I begun to make so much money Bootlegging and they found out it could be spent for duds, that is what she is thinking about.

She looks just exactly like Herb Simpson's first wife, Al says, again.

You fellows ain't got any finer feelings, I told them, or you would see that she is thinking of something a dam site more hifaluting and refined and holy and religious than just merely duds, I am ashamed of you.

I doant know just what it is, says I, but it ain't anything either of you galoots could understand.

Barring the difference in age and sex, I says, and in looks, I seen just that same kind of a look onto my own face in the mirror in Jake's bar room when the boys got a little bit soused and commenced to singing about Home and Mother.

She looks just exactly like Herb Simpson's first wife, Nell, Al says again.

It's duds she is thinking of, says Jake, they all ways look refined and holy and religious when they are thinking of the new outfit of duds they are going to put on and come sailing down the street to church in next Sunday.

I will leave it to this lady here, he says, pointing to the hand painting girl he had bought the copy offen, if it ain't more than likely duds she is thinking of. Let her be the judge.

But before the girl could answer Jake, Al butts in again and says, she looks just like Herb Simpson's first wife, Nell.

Who was this Nell Simpson you are speaking of, says the hand painting girl, and why do you keep insisting on bringing her in, was there some story connected with her.

Thare was, Miss, says Al, but I doant know what it is just axactly fitten for your ears, you being pretty middling young, and like as not middling inaxperienced, and me being almost a perfect stranger to you I doant know as I would care to go to full lengths in telling you the story of Herb Simpson's first wife, Nell.

Which the hand painting girl tells him that conversationally speaking, and for the sake of argyment, he can go as fur as he likes, as she has got interested in Herb Simpson's first wife, Nell.

Miss, says Al, turning red, I will not go as fur as I like, but to make a long story short, I seen her the

day after she got converted at a revival meeting talking to both her husband and the preacher that converted her, and when she turned her head from her husband to the precher she looked just like Mona here, and that was just two days afore she eloped with that preacher and left her husband and two children, she had the same look in her eyes.

Well, says the hand painting girl, if I am the judge, the eyes have it.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Al and the Romans

PARIS, Oct. 20.—Well, I says to Al, me and you will be leeving here a day or two, Jake Smith and his girls is a goanto stay some time, what do you want to make your last visit to afore you go.

Is thare annything in special you want to drop a tear onto and heave a sigh over.

Well, he says, thare is the American Bars, thare must be a coupla hundred of them here, if I was to say good bye to all of them I would have to stay a month longer.

But thare is one speshil bartender in one of them American Bars somewahres within a few blocks of that big white Opery House I want to say a speshil farewell to if I can catch him without too many of his gang around.

He is a red headed bird, but if I get him right he woant care what color his head is, it will be all colors of the rane-bow, he done me a low down trick, I wisht I could remember whare that bar is, but when I left it that night I wasn't writing down names and addresses.

What espeshil night is working in your elements now, I asks him.

That night I didn't come home till the next night, Al says. I was into this red headed feller's place and I was feeling like a barrell of spoilt apples along about closing time, and I says to this feller I wisht I knowed a place where I could go and get turkish bathed till morning, I needed boiling out.

Do you know of any bath place.

Over on the other side of the river, he says, is the oldest and best known bath place in Paris.

You are pretty wobbly on your pins, you better get a taxi and pay the man and I will tell him whare to dump you out.

So he took all the franks I had, because I couldn't count them, and he got a taxi, and he tells me that he will tell the man to pay for the bath and everything, and all I will have to do will be to wake up in the morning and go home, I didn't count the franks, all I could do was to hold onto things, and the next I knowed I was drowsing into a taxi cab.

Then I went plumb to sleep again, and when I next woke up it was broad daylight and the sun was shining in my face, and I was laying on the ground with a lot of old stone statues looking at me. I had slept all night onto a pile of bricks right next to whare some kind of a sewer ducks down into the ground, and thare was broken walls and ruins all around me.

I set up and scraped the morter out of my hair, and thare was a bird setting on top of the head of an old

bald headed stone statue that had lost his nose and one of his ears was cauliflowered, and this bird says something to me, but he sung it in French and I couldn't make anything out of it except he knowed I had been plumb innefectualized the night before.

That's all right what I been, I says to him. I know what I been, and I know how I got that way; but what I want to know now is where am I.

If the idear was to bury me, I says, they set up the moniments afore they dug the grave, they didn't have the nerve to go through with it. Then I remembered what I had heard of ineffectualized gents getting toted to meddical colleges and dissected in spots afore they woke up and I thinks that would be a heluva fate to happen to an old bartender.

But I looked down at my stummick none of it had been dissected away from me. And I looked around at a whole row of stone statues, and I never seen such mean looking goofs. I tried to get up, and my lumbague caught me in the small of my back, and I let out a yell, and all of them old stone goofs grinned. And then I heard a voice speaking to me, at first I thought it was one of them stone gents speaking, and I says to him I bet I have got the tremenses.

If I hadn't got the tremenses, you wouldn't be talking English to me, you couldn't talk English without I had the tremenses, you would be talking French.

Then I managed to get up, and the feller that had

been speeking was a young American feller, he was setting on a bench watching me.

You are in the old Roman baths, he says.

Somebody must of pulled the plug out, I says, and let the hot water run away; it's pretty chilly around here.

The plug was pulled out for the last time nearly a thousand yeers ago, he says.

I feel like I had been laying here that long, I says, and I can well beleeve you. Only you would think I would have a beerd, Rip Van Winkle did. In the meantime, I says, the reel question is wether you got anything on your hip, young feller.

No, he says, but that can be easy remeddied, thare is a place less than a block from here, and we went thare and axcepted each others invitations.

Your frends must be practickle jokers of the lowest type, he says, stearing you to them old baths.

It wasn't a frend, I says, and he is somewhares near the Opery House, I couldn't find him sober, but if I encourage my feet to get the way they was yesterday mebby they would carry me thare of theyerselves.

So we encouraged our feet all that day, and finally along about dusk they took me into that same place, and I tried to bean that red-headed bartender, but I had had so much encouragement I wasn't any match for him, he blacked my eye.

But if I can find that place and that goof again

when I am feeling myself he is the only one that I want to bid a sweet farewell to.

So we are going looking for him, Al and me, and if we was to miss the ship and not be heard of for some time you would know whare we was and what we was doing.

Chapter Thirty

The Fall of Jericho

WELL, to go back to the early days of the world all the big towns had walls around them, and this town of Jerrycho I am going to tell you about was no axceptions to the rule. For the sake of argyment we will say that as a matter of fact the walls of Jerrycho was one of the seven wonders of the world.

I never seen nothing here in Baycliff, L. Ileland, like them walls must of been, according to the Good Book, nor yet in N. Y. City, for every oncet in a while theyer was a tower sticking up higher than the walls that was twicet as high as the Woolworth bldg., and that was whare they got the idea from for these hanging gardens of Babbylun that so many peeple was hung in during the erly days of the world.

The king would set up in one of them towers with a spy glass and if he seen a reformer kicking up trubble or one of these here prohibishinists he would hang him from one of them towers. Well, that would be a good thing right here in Baycliff, L. Ileland; I often wished I was setting in one of them towers; theyer is a lot of buisyboddies right here in Baycliff I would

hang from them towers higher than they hung Hymen.

Jerrycho was a grate place for kings and queens and concordbynes in the erly bygone days of the world. They uset to set up onto them walls all begarmented and begarbaged up in purple and fine linnens, a fanning of themselves with peecock feather fans, and every now and then they would say, What, ho! port cullis, give us a shot of the pre-war stuff, and the port cullis would come running with the jug, and if you would of mentioned prohibishin to that gang of royalty one or more would of forgot his or her self long enough to of beaned you.

Every day theyer would be foot races and sack races and egg races on top of the walls of Jerrycho, and the kings would gallup theyer charyits along the walls with theyer long golden beerds floating in the sun, and the foam of the beveridges they imbibed floating from the beerds, and the queens and the concordbynes cheering on the races and waving theyer hankercheefs and fans, and every evening it was like a Forth of July celibrashin on the walls of Jerrycho.

Oncet this here king Davis was setting on the walls of Jerrycho and he seen Ury's wife taking her bathing lessons and he up and married her just like that, but that is a part of my history of the world I will tell later on.

Well, theyer was only one thing wrong with them

peeple that lived behind the walls of Jerrycho as fur as I can find out. They was good sports, but they was heethens. They worshiped Idles, and the Children of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes was shocked to think they worshiped Idles. And the Beegats says to themselves, We gotto kill all them heethen Jerrychos and take all theyer country away from them and theyer swell cloathes and theyer plug hats with the dimond bands around them and other preshus stones and theyer gold and silver and all theyer wives and concordbynes, what in blazes, theyer wicked peeple, they worships Idles.

Seeing them heethen kings in theyer fancy cloathes having theyer Roamun charyot races on top of the walls of Jerrycho made the Children of Izzryel madder and madder as time went on. For they was all spangled up with tights and they would be doing tumbling and contortions and jumping threw hoops and swinging from trapeezes and turning fancy summersets over elephants and girafts every evening on top of the walls of Jerrycho. They had a purty good time until the Beegats come along, the only thing they ever stopped for was to have theyer meals and to worship theyer Idles.

Well, them Idles must of been some sights at that. They was made out of gold and silver and had flames of fire shooting out of them, and dimonds for theyer eyes, and they was dressed in silks and satins and peecock fethers and they set onto platforms with

wheels onto them, and trayned lions and tigers and zebras uset to pull them along the tops of the walls of Jerrycho like in a circus parade.

And if you asked one of them Idles anything, first he give a belch of fire, and the smoke come outen his ears, and then he made a noise like thunder, and then if you was a heethen he answered your question to the best of his abbility, but if you was one of the Beegats he would give you the razzberry and then iggnoar you.

King Joshaway, the king of the Children of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes, he give them walls of Jerrycho the oncet over, and he says it ain't likely we could conquer them by any ordinary meens; we got to pull something strange and peculiar and religious against them heethens, fellow citizens, what shall it be?

Then one of the old peetryarchs of Izzryel says, Yure Majisty, them heethens is all the time parading. For the sake of argyment, yure Majisty, we will say that like cures like, what is the matter of pulling a parade of our own that will lay over theyer parade?

No sooner said than done.

For forty days and forty nights the children of Izzryel and all the Beegat tribes paraded round and round the walls of Jerrycho, and the heethens sat onto the walls and watched them. Round and round went the Beegats, and purty soon the heethens begun to get dizzy watching them. And round and round

went the Beegats, and the heethens begun to get dizzier and dizzier, and finally along about the twentieth day some of the heethen's lions and tigers and zebras jumped off the walls and joined the Beegat parade.

And round and round they went, and then in a couple of days more some of the charyit racers and tumblers sneaked down and joined the big Beegat show, and round and round they went, the heethens turning theyer heads all the time and getting dizzier and dizzier, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and more and more heethens got sucked into the Beegat parade just like leaves getting sucked into a whirlpool.

And the sun come up and the sun went down, and round and round went the Beegats, faster and faster, and the big towers like the Woolworth bldg. begun to shake and turn, and two or three queens and concordbynes slid down the wall at night and joined the Beegats, and round and round they went, and the moon come up and the moon went down, and the heethens looked up to the heavens and the stars was whirling round and round like fireflies, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and the heethens looked at the clock steeple on theyer city hall and it was spinning like a top, and round and round went the Beegats, faster and faster, and the peecocks of Jerrycho screamed and fell off the walls, and faster and faster went the Beegats, and the heethen Idles begun to tumble off theyer carts and spin on theyer

ears without a word to say for theyer selves, and round and round went the Beegats, and on the thirty-fifth day everybody noticed that the whole town of Jerrycho was spinning and whirling, and the walls was getting shakier and shakier, and the kings was staggering when they tried to walk and grabbing each other by theyer long golden beerds to steddy theyer selves, and round and round went the Beegats, and the whole thing spun faster and faster and faster, more and more heethens rolling from the walls into the Beegat parade, and at high noon on the fortieth day this here King Joshaway stops short and digs his heel into the ground and gives a blast on his trumpet.

Every Beegat does the same and the parade stopped in its tracks. But the walls and town of Jerrycho couldn't stop that quick, they went spinning on and on, and they went twisting up and up and up into the sky like a dust whirl in a storm, up and up and round and round, and then down they come with a crash, and the deed was done. And for two hours afterwards out of the sky it rained Idles and plug hats with dimond crowns onto them and concordbynes and kings in spangled tights down into the Beegat camp.

Well, says King Joshaway, am I one of the seven wonders of the world, or ain't I?

And all the peetryarchs of Izzryel says, Yure Majisty, we will say you are.

This Joshaway was quite a bird, and one day in Jake Smith's bar room Jake and me and Al the bartender and Hennery Withers was discussing could he of licked John L. Sulivan or couldn't he?

Hennery Withers is a darn little athyiss, he doant beleave anything, he is all the time asking you where did Cain get his wife, and he says theyer never was any King Joshaway. I fetched him a lick on the ear and I says to him when they picked him up, You have been struck down by the hand that oncet shook the hand of John L. Sulivan, and the hand of a man that beleaves the Book from cover to cover, and if you ever say another word against eether John L. Sulivan or King Joshaway I will make another razzberry pudding out of yure other ear. One thing I can't stand for is these iggnerammusses doubting what is in print.

Chapter Thirty-One

The Orricles of the Erly Days

WELL, speaking of the erly days of the world, they had a good deal more time in those days for enjoyment, and guessing riddles, and interrupting dreams, and playing sharades, and talking to these here spinxes, and working out puzzles, and tearing loose generilly, and if you had said prohibishin to one of them old sooth stayers that sooth stayer would of combed his long yeller hand through his long white beerd and turned his peercing eyes onto you and muttered something, and where would you of been?

All the prominent peetryarchs and fairoes and kings and coorteesyans and umpires, in the erly days of the world, all ways kept around the palliss a whole crowd of these sooth stayers and dream interrupters and wizzards and orricles and slite of hand workers; and if the plumbing busted or there was handwrighting onto the wall or one of the queens et something and had a dream, the peetryarch or the umpire as the case might be would say to the port cullis, What ho! port cullis, call in the sooth stayers, we are a-goanto pull a party, oil up the spinxes, just for

the sake of argyment I am a-goanto see what it means; mebby Fate is a-brooding again, something is a-goanto be hatched. And if you had of said anything to one of them old birds about Evalooshin having something to do with histry, or men being dessened offen monkeys, they would of nicked your bean, there wasn't any athyisses in those days, they was all cover to cover men.

One of the most prominent sooth stayers was a young feller by the name of Joseph. He went into the land of Egypt without a rag to his back, and his speshilty was dreams, and before he was forty yeers old he owned everything in Egypt the fairoe's name wasn't chiseled onto, and he had such a reputashun the fairoe didn't dast to wash his neck and ears, let alone taking a full Saturday all-over bath, unless he asked Joseph about it.

Well, the erly days was the best. In the erly days they took all them dreams and proffesys serious and give riches to the man that made them. But nowadays they ain't so libberul in thare notions, half the time they laff at them, and a poor sooth stayer will stay poor.

Right here in Baycliff, L. Ileland, I seen that work out. There was Hod Renfrew was as good a sooth stayer as ever lived in the erly days, he give everybody answers and they took his advice and left him poor.

Hod had the biggest head you ever seen onto a

human being. He fell offen a windmill onto his head when he was a young feller, and his brain kept on a-growing and a-growing till it got too big for him to handle it the same as ordinary folks.

You had to hand stuff to that brain and let it take it into its machinery and work it over in its own way and not hurry it none, and be respeckful to it. And them as knowed how to be respeckful to it got thare proffit out of it.

Hod would set all day long in the summer time on a chare in front of Jake Smith's Pallis Hotel, not doing nothing but whittling and now and then ketching a fly, and in the winter time in by the stove, and sometimes his eyes would be shut and sometimes open, a-waiting for his brain to work; and when his brain worked it worked kind of independent of Hod hisself.

I seen that sooth stayer work lots of times. One day Wes Hartley comes along and says, Hod, I got a good offer for them lots of mine over to the edge of town; but thare is some talk of the raleroad coming to Baycliff; do you think I better sell now or hold for more?

Hod, he didn't answer; he just ketched a fly and let it go agin, and blinked in that way of his that made folks as didn't know him say he was an ijit.

Wes wasn't bothered; he knowed Hod's ways. He come back the next day, and the next and the next, and said the same thing, and still Hod never answered nor even looked at him.

But on the seventh day Hod give him his answer. He says, Wes, it ain't any good fer man to live alone.

Wes went and pondered and pondered that sayin' and took it to heart and went off and married Aunt Lizzie Hecksher. And it was Aunt Lizzie's lots the raleroad people bought up at a good price and give Wes considerable proffit.

Then thare was two flashy city fellers come outto Baycliff one time with a propisishin they was a goanto build a factiry, and was a-goanto sell stock into it to all us Baycliff folks, and some was for it and some was agin it. And right in the midst of the excitement Old Miz Plunkitt come waddling down Main Street and she seen Hod and says to him, Hod, last night I drempt that peacock of mine tried to swim acrost Harley Mason's duck pond and got drownded, what does that mean?

Hod never said a word, only blinked his eyes and whittled. But a week later, to the very hour, while a lot of us was setting around paying no attention to him, he jumped up all of a sudden and says, Miz Plunkitt, Miz Plunkitt, I ask you, does fine feathers make fine birds?

That set us all to thinking, and pretty soon Jake Smith says, Hod means them city fellers with their factiry skeme is too fine drest to be honest, and I been a-thinking that myself.

Me, too, says Hennery Withers.

And when Hod's interruption of that dream got

around town it knocked the factiry skeme flatter than a pancake, and probily saved thousands and thousands of dollars to us Baycliff folks.

Well, one day Hod and me was setting in Jake Smith's place and I was a-taking a nip, Hod he never drunk much, and I was feeling pretty good and I says to him, Hod, to what do I owe my suksess in life?

I forgot about asking him, but the next Sattirday Hod says to me, Clem, once you put your hand to the plow you never turned back.

I pondered that and I pondered that in my heart and I seen he was right. I started to take a nip now and then when I was a young feller, and I resisted all temptashins to sine the pledge and quit it, my natcher all ways held me to it. And all ways being around the barroom was what I owe my suksess in life to. Thare ain't any place like the old fashion pre-prohibishin bar room uset to be to make friends in, and evry time I sold a few akers of the land my dad left me I would all ways blow the gang to drinks in the barroom, and that made me more and more friends. So when I happined to be busted all ways I could go in thare and say, Jim or Jake or Pete, as the case might be, for the sake of argyment, will you lend me ten dollars. And all ways get from 75 cents to 2 dollars that way. And all ways was in touch with big bizness deals, and all ways had friends to talk over my inventions with, through being in the

barroom so much. So I seen Hod was right. I owed my suksess in life to oncet I put my hand to the plow I never turned back.

Well, a sooth stayer like that is vallible to a town, and in the erly days he was all ways appreshiated, but in these modern times Sience has crept in and everybody is talking about Evalooshin and men being dessened offen monkeys and fool stuff like that, and they ain't appreshiated any more. Poor Hod has got nothing now but his brain, and what folks gives him, but in the erly days he would of been some umpire's right hand man.

Chapter Thirty-Two

David and Uriah's Wife.

ONE day, in the erly bygone days of the world, King David was setting on top of the city wall after his dinner, singing psalms about this and that and the other thing and playing onto his harp, and his port cullis was poreing him out a hooker of the old pre war stuff every now and then and the king notised a lady in a naybering back yard.

Good gracious, port cullis, says the king, come here a minute and take this spy glass.

Yes, yure Majisty, says the port cullis. And no sooner said than done.

Port cullis, says King David, what in the world is that lady doing?

Well, yure Majisty, says the port cullis, for the sake of argyment I would say that lady was getting reddy to take a bath.

A person would think so, port cullis, says king David, a person would think so indead. For the sake of argyment, port cullis, is that lady one of my queens or ain't she?

No, yure Majisty, says the port cullis, I would say, giving her the oncet over, she hasn't got a job around

the pallis. She doant belong to the royyal fambly yet.

Port cullis, says his Majisty, what do you mean by *yet?*

I mean that mebby she will soon according to all signs, says the port cullis.

King David he wiped his mouth onto his sleave all made of purple and fine linnen and took the oppertunity to laugh a little into his sleave, and he says, Port cullis, you are a sad dog, you are a sly one. Is that lady anyone I ever been interduced to, do you suppose?

She appears to me when I take a look at her face to resemble Mrs. Ury, says the port cullis.

Mrs., says the king. *Mrs.*, huh! And who, for the sake of argyment, is Mister Ury?

Ury is one of yure valyant Captains, says the port cullis.

Poor feller, says the king, wiping his eyes with his other sleave, what a pity it is he has got to die young.

Yure Majisty, if you doant know him how do you know he is young? says the port cullis.

Such a lovely lady as that one is wouldn't be wedded to any old man, says the king. I feel sad, port cullis, I feel sad when I think how likely it is that poor young Captain Ury is a goan to get killed off in the next battle. That sweet young woman down there is as good as a widow right now. I better console her about it.

Well, she ain't wearing any widow's weeds, says the port cullis.

Poor young thing, poor young thing, says his Majisty, hand me my harp, port cullis, I will play something loving and sad onto my harp, and I will sing that sweet thing a sad and loving song, and mebby she will come over here. The world little knows how sad a king can feel about the trubbles of his peeple. If she looks up, port cullis wave to her and hand her a chaliss of the old pre war stuff and tell her it is from the king.

Well, one word led to another and purty soon the port cullis told the lady to put on a little something for the sake of argyment and come on over, for the king wished to speak to her.

No sooner said than done.

Lady, said the king, it's too bad about yure husband. But you got to lern to let bygones be bygones. It ain't any use, lady, in crying over spilt milk. A girl like you can't expeck to stay a widow very long, and the question is how would you like to join up as one of my queens.

But yure Majisty, she says, I ain't a widow, my husband is still alive.

You leave that to me, says the king, I will take care of that, what in blazes, am I a king or ain't I? That is my look out. All you got to do is to say wether you'd like to be one of my queens or not and you be careful how you answer for yure a goanto be

wether you like it or not, have another shot of the pre war stuff, now, yes or no, quick, lady.

Yes, yure Majisty, I axcept, says she.

Which, says he, the job or the hootch?

Both, says she.

That's the girl, says he, and so that night the king framed it up with one of the peetryarchs this here Ury was to get bumped off in a battle afore morning and at noon the king and Mrs. Ury become man and wife. But all the children of Izzryel begun to say they might of waited at least a week, what in blazes, they says, it looks pretty raw, king or no king, and fiannly one of the old Proffits took it up.

King, he says, I got a riddle for you. Oncet theyer was a feller had an e-wee lamb and a rich guy swiped it, what's the answer, it was all he had. The rich guy gets the hook, said the king, what in blazes, ask me something hard, I am known all over Izzryel for a king, and a psalmer and a just man, what in blazes. It's you, says the Proffit, and I'm talking of the latest queen, she that was Mrs. Ury. Well, the king repented and sung some sad songs about it, but still theyer was whisperings about it and the king uset to get fits of conscience about it, and oncet she says to him, Yure Majisty, why do you look so black, and he says to her, Damn spy glasses, I would be a happier man if I never seen a spy glass or set drinking on a wall.

Well, I seen that kind of thing happen right here

in Baycliff, L. Ileland. Pete Caldwell sent Fred Williamson down to clene out a well he was scared to go down into his self, and everybody else was scared to, the bricks was so loose; but Fred had to go, he was Pete's hired man.

And accidental one of them loose bricks fell onto Fred's bean and killed him; he was gone when they got him out of the well. Everybody in Baycliff said Pete and Myrtle, who was Fred's wife, orter waited at least a year afore they married. But nothing was ever proved onto Pete and Myrtle, nothing ever got as fur as a jury, and Pete is a rich man.

But that well was boarded up for quite awhile; neither Pete or Myrtle ever drunk any water out of it; a new well was dug. But Pete always felt sensitive about that well. One day Perry Johnson asked Pete if he didn't want to give him a job filling up that old well, and Pete turned purple in the face and rushed at Perry like a bull and knocked him down twicet.

But it must of got onto Myrtle worse than it did onto Pete, for about ten years after Fred's death they couldn't find Myrtle one day, and they looked everywhere, and it was ten days afore they found her, she had flung herself down into it. And after that Pete got to acting purty strange; he would have spells when he would laugh and talk like all get out, over to Jake Smith's place, and treat all the boys and be the

life of the party, and then all of a sudden he would turn grouchy and ugly and go home. Finally he quit seeing anybody and he built a high board fence around his place and he stayed back of it most of the time and the whole town uset to wonder what he was doing.

One day he sent for Jake Smith and me and we could see he was out of his head. He says he wants us to help him with a contraption he is rigging up, and he leads us out to the well. I am fixing up a thing to dig steps from the ground clear down to the bottom of that well, boys, he says to us; I want easy steps to go down and up.

What on earth for, says me and Jake.

So Fred Williamson and his wife can climb out, says Pete. You know, boys, they been down there a long time. I can hear them down there and I want them to get out. I wake up in the nights and hear them splashing down there; they try to climb up the sides and they slip back and the bricks fall. If I could fix up a way so as they could get out, mebby I could get some good sleep. Myrtle, he says, was a right purty gal when she married Fred, and Fred was a good feller too, and it's a shame they been down that well so long.

Chapter Thirty-Three

Ancient Feastivities

WELL, the trouble of the world to-day is we ain't got enough old peetryarchs like they had in the erly days of the world, those old birds was the salt of the erth and if you had of said Prohibishin to one of them he would of took the jug right down from his mouth and beaned you with it.

They was big in their idears, those old birds, What in blazes, they says, the world was made for something else besides working and toiling and slaveing all the time, let us be joyful, we ain't going to live more than six or seven hundered yeers.

And a peetryarch would set on his throne with all his flocks and herds around him and a gold crown on and his beerd hanging down all clothed in purpel and fine linnen and all his wives and concordbynes to administer unto him and he would say to his faithful peeple, Can annybody think up a reeson to hold a barbecue?

And if nobody couldn't he would say, Well then, can annybody think up any reason why we *shouldn't* hold a barbecue? And nobody ever could.

So they would get the pits reddy and roast the

oxen and cool the home brew and the feastivities would start, with rassling matches and wheel-barrow races and climbing the greeced pole and pitching horse-shoes and striking on striking machines and fat men's races and ketching the greeced pig and singing and roarators roarating and dancing and riddles and sheerades and kissing games for the young folks and every now and then, wang! would go the bung starter and another cask would be opened, oh, what in blazes, that was the life.

They kep open house, them old peetryarchs did, and for a hundered miles around the naybors would come on their mules and cammels to a barbecue and stay till the next barbecue. They lived in tents in them days, What in blazes, they says, we want to be moving around seeing the world, theyer ain't any use of bldg. houses, you gotto be all ways swepeing the floors or something.

And sometimes over onto the horrizon would arise another cloud of dust, and another peetryarch with his mules and his cammels and his wives and concordbynes and all his famblies would heeve into sight, and the two peetryarchs would get together and hold a regular old-fashioned camp-meeting that would make an ordinery barbecue look like therty cents.

Peetryarch Jake would say to Peetryarch Sam along about the third or fourth day of the feastivities, Well, Sam, I notiss a lot of likely looking young

yeerlings, so to speek, in your tribe, I need some more wives and everything.

Well, Jake, Peetryarch Sam would say, we might fix up a swap, I ain't been married myself for five or six weeks. Would you like to trade brides for brides, or girls for cattle and cammels, or you can take as menny as you want for nothing, what in blazes, I love you like a brother, Jake, besides they are eeting me out of house and home.

Well, Sam, Jake would say, we will swap the girls even, but as for the cammels and mules and horses they are a seeryous proposition, what we want to do with them is to get up a race meteing and bet them against each other.

No sooner said than done, and they would have cammel races and mule races till one side was clened out entirely, and then the busted one would join the other's tribe, and it was all ways open house for evirybody. And that kind of life kep them all young and kep them libberil in their idears.

Now one reason I am writeing my Histry of the World is to coax peeple to go back to that way of living, theyer ain't enough dancing and hunting and fishing and drinking and rassling and raceing going on nowadays, and the ressult is theyer ain't any wizdom in the world no more like in King Sollyman's time, theyer is too much work.

Some of the riddles and puzzles them old peetryarchs uset to ask ain't been answered yet because

theyer ain't enough wizdom in the world to anser them, what in blazes, evirybody is too busy nowdays to have time to get any wizdom.

I owe my suksess in life to following in the footsteps of them old peetryarchs as much as I all ways could, I woop her up when I have the opertunity and it has kep me young.

The only feller I ever knowed personal who was like one of them old peetryarchs was old Jason Tomlinson. He died when I was a young feller neerly fifty yeers ago, but he was libberil in his idears the same way, he was ninety-six when he died and a tree fell onto him when he was out in the woods courting a young widder woman or he might be alive yet.

Jason inherrited for an hairloom seven or eight hundred akers of land, it come down to the shore and theyer was timber onto it, and them woods was jest full of Jason's famblies, he never let nobody put an axe into them woods, and when the raleroad came out our way he turned down big money time and again for that land. What in blazes, he would say, I doant want cash, I want a good time, and he kep open house for evirybody.

The onely Gipsies I ever knowed that quit travelin settled into Jason's woods and become one of his famblies, and some of the reemanes of that tribe of Shinnycook Injins come over and become one of Jason's famblies and married into the Gipsies more or less,

and Jason's regular angelo-saxton famblies married into both of them, and gosh the good times theyer was all ways going on into them woods! It was open house for evirybody. Some of the meels I have et there! Fish and quails and rabbits and squirls and tirtles and wild pidgins and evirything, that was the life!

And when they wanted a barl of likker they would bring in some lobsters or clams or rabbits or squirls and get enough credit to buy it with, and they dident need much more.

What I got, says Jason, is my friends as long as I got it, and evirybody that wants to have a good time is my friend. And when he was ninety yeers old he could dance till brekfast time.

I owe a lot of my suksess in life to follering the way of old Jason Tomlinson, as fur as I was able.

Steem engines and patent churns is a-goanto be the ruingation of the country, Jason uset to say, and coal mines and factries is bad for it, too.

If the peeple would all ways stick to flocks and herds and a litle eesy agerculture, and not go digging into the bowls of the erth, or bldg. up into the air, or making things into factries, and not fergit to whoop it up and go fishing a-plenty, theyer wouldn't be no trubble in the world like they is. Eviry time you dig under the surfice of the erth you get neerer to Hell.

If they was oil wells or gold mines or iron under my

land only four inches down, I wouldn't let none of my famblies dig for them; unless mebby some of the wimmen wanted to prettify up with yeer rings or braclets offen the gold, for wimmen orter be prettified as long as they can.

What you want into life is to rest and be happy and dance and sing and have a good whoop up time, and you can't do that and be working into mines or factries. Jason he was a morel man, too, and a religious man. I heern him say to my dad one time when I was just a kid, Hawley, they's been a lot more famblies than theyer has been weddings into my woods the last nine or ten yeers, and I'm kinda worried about it. I do what I darn pleese about raseing famblies myself, and I know why I do it, and I got my own anser reddy for the jedgement day, but I feel responsible for the morrels of a lot of them younger peeple in the woods; I'm kinda worried about it.

Well, Jason, says my dad, why doant you get a preecher into the woods and marry them?

No sooner said than done. The very next Sunday Jason got Preecher Higgings up there and he says, Now, parson, marry them all.

Two or three hundred was all gathered into a bunch, and the parson says, Which ones to which?

Marry the whole passel of them on one bunch, says Jason, we ain't got time to waste on seprit cerremonies, this afternoon we are a-goanto hold a bar-

becue and a dance and some rassling matches, marry them in a lump.

So the parson done it, and then Jason says, Now we will trot 'em all over to the shore and baptize them in a bunch which he done it, with one cerremony.

Now, then, says Jason to his peeple, you are all married, and you are all baptized, all you got to do now is to arrange yourselves into legal famblies and live more or less religious from now on. I done my duty by you.

Hooray, grandpap, they all says, and now are we going to have the dance and barbecue?

Well, Jason was the only peetryarch I ever knowed that had come down to us as an hairloom from the erly days of the world. And if the whole country was filled up with famblies like his'n all having a good time and not working too much and whooping it up, theyer wouldn't be any labor trubbles in the country or annything.

What a country wants to be is happy and it can't be that with work and factries staring it in the face on eviry hand, it's gotto go back to erly days of the world.

THE END